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A FLOWER'S CYCLE

A Century Since the Chrysanthemum Was Introduced

During the present year the hundredth anniversay of the many famous men will be observed. But has anybody suggested the celebration of the chrysanthemum centenary? asks the Providence Journal. Is it generally known,, in fact, that it was in 1809, just a hundred years ago, that M. Blanchard, a native of Marseilles, introduced the flower from Japan into Europe and America? Surely the chrysanthemum is worthy an observance of its own, and if no one else will undertake it, the horticultural societies should assume the responsibility for the task. The chrysanthemum is more popular than ever. It closes its first century in the western world a highly developed floral species, so that fifty of the modest blooms of a hundred years ago would be required to equal one of the latest varieties; the new Taft, for instance. Its expansion from its humble beginnings has been as spectacular as the rise of certain obscure American families of 1809 to their present-day state of pomp and power.

M. Blanchard brought the chrysanthemum from Japan to France, where he was able to interest the Empress Josephine in the flower, with the result that it became an immediate success. It achieved popularity in this country, also, but its larger vogue dates from comparatively recent times. In the last few years it has been so experimented with, so improved upon, that there is scarcely a more gorgeous bloom of any sort, as the florists' windows testify every autumn. It holds its splendid sway just when the world needs some such effective floral coloring to offset the decay of the outdoor flowers; for the chrysanthemum, of course, has been brought to its highest development under glass.

The chrysanthemum centenary should be observed, however, only in honor of the Japanese and Chinese varieties, for the other kinds are indigenous either in Europe or in the United States, and are therefore debarred from any anniversary celebration. The word, it may be said in passing, means simply "golden flower," being derived from the Greek "chrysos" and "anthemon." The chrysanthemum is a native of northern Europe, the Canaries, and the colder Arctic regions, and appears in no less than one hundred and fifty varieties. It has a free growth in either its wild or its cultivated state; but, by virtue of the beneficient law of compensations which is operative among flowers as elsewhere, its brilliant beauty is not accompanied by the equally desirable quality of fragrance. Who, indeed, would have all the floral allurements centered in a single bloom? It is better that the more splendid flowers should lack in odor, and that an equal-handed nature should give this gift to the more modest blossoms, the violet and the mignonette, for example.

There is an American chrysanthemum which we all know very well, though not under that name. The oxeye daisy is of the same order (Chrysanthemum leucanthemum); and the oxeye daisy, it should be understood, is not the "Black-eyed Susan" that usually masquerades under that name, but the common white and yellow flower that overruns our pastures. But how great a gulf is fixed between this simple blossom and the gorgeous blooms in yellow, white and red that sell for a fabulous price—and are worth it, as evidences of what the modern flowersmith of the Burbank school can do.

Beneficent Bacon.

Harper's Bazaar.

It is a well known fact that bacon cut thin, well cooked, brown, crisp and dry, can be taken regularly and for a long time by those who find all other fats intolerable. This makes it a valuable article for delicate children and others who are weak and fastidious.

Helen.

She sits within the white oak hall,
Hung with the trophies of the chase—
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexible flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escalloped pine cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;
And by a gentle accolade
A squire to languid silence made,
I lean upon my palms, with eyes
O'er which a rack of fancy flies,
While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

—E. A. U. Valentine.

Power of a Drop of Water.

Tid-Bits.

One of the Chinese modes of punishment is to place the culprit where a drop of water will fall on his head for hours, or even for days if he can stand it so long. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience that Colonel Fred Burnaby had in Vienna several years ago. A school teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a pint of water, drop by drop, fall on his hand. Burnaby laughed at the very idea of his not being abut to stand it, and the test began.

Although the strong man talked and jested gaily at first, it was not long before he began to show signs of distress. At about the two hundredth drop—for the school teacher kept tally—an expression of pain crossed his face.

When the third hundred had been entered his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst and the pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop Burnaby gave it up and acknowledged himself beaten.

Millionaire Lives Among the Poor.

New York World.

Thanks to the personal instruction and example of Horace Fletcher, the world's master masticator, the chew-chew game is epidemic in the Phipps model tenement in East Thirty-first street. Mr. Fletcher is a millionaire several times over; he has a palace in Venice, the beautiful and historic Palazzo Saitante, and in New York the Waldorf had been his home until he moved lately to the Phipps tenement, where he permits himself the extravagance of a five-room apartment. He is there as a missionary to spread his gospel of mastication where it will do the most good. "What I want to reach is the children of the poor," he says.

The man of millions—the strong man who at 58 surpassed the best efforts of Yale's athletes—who might be living in a palace, has been spending his time in going to the real tenements and preaching his gospel of mastication.

"There is no reason why two people cannot live, and live well, on $6 a week," he says, "if they will learn how to get the most out of the food which such an income will permit them to buy. Mastication means the difference between starvation and comfortable living for the great mass of the people. If I can reach the real tenement dwellers and show them how to live, I shall consider this the most useful winter of my life."

MISS HUNTINGTON

BY ROBERT BRACEFIELD

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Burton, young Chicago lawyer, helps Miss Huntington to escape the attentions of Count Razadowski. After an encounter with the count in Rotterdam, Burton follows Miss Huntington to Paris, where he meets the Earl of Piccadilly and Lord Barnstable. Miss Huntington is worth twenty million dollars.

It was almost too much to meet an earl and a lord at the same time. He gave me a limp hand and turned away without a word. An earl and a lord! Oho! Well, I reflected, no doubt both were well-nigh penniless. If I chose, I could lead them a merry chase in Paris—for a little while.

I was quite indifferent to Piccadilly and Barnstable, but jealous passions flared within me when Miss Huntington introduced Mr. Harrison, of New York, and Mr. Black, of Chicago.

Mr. Black, of Chicago, indeed! So I was not the only man from Lake Michigan. What right had Black to be from Chicago, when I claimed that exclusive privilege?

Black was quite as jealous of me as I was of him. Outwardly, he was indifferent—even contemptuous. Inwardly, I perceived, he was taking full account of me.

"I can't recall having heard of you in Chicago," he took occasion to observe.

"That is my misfortune," I replied. "I'm glad to say that I have heard of you. Let me see! Was it in connection with the West Shore golf tournament that I saw your name so freely in the papers?"

Black flushed angrily, for he had been defeated badly in the match and I knew it. After that Black was my sworn enemy. He would have been anyway, so it made no difference.

As for Harrison, he carried himself with a superior air, as if being from New York instead of Chicago made him a little god. I detested him.

There were others in the party, masculine and feminine, but their names got away from me a minute after I heard them. They are nothing in my romance, so I leave them in oblivion. Two of them, I remember, were Frenchmen who had claims on antiquated titles. No doubt they wanted claims on Miss Huntington's twenty millions.

The party was going to the Louvre. Would I do Miss Huntington the pleasure of joining the little group? Indeed, the pleasure was altogether mine. I went.

I got a chance in the Louvre to speak to Miss Huntington alone, while the others were in an argument about a picture.

"Can't you get away from them?" I asked.

"Sh-h-!" she whispered warningly. "I have helped you to get away in the past," I insisted. "Any time you want to run away, leave it to me."

She was a trifle annoyed at my assurance, but she laughed it off. "You helped me immensely up in Holland. Perhaps you may help me again—sometime. At present, I am not sorely pressed."

"There are no counts in the party?" I ventured boldly.

I feared I had made her angry, but she ignored the question and asked:

"Did you see more of Count Razadowski in Rotterdam?"

"I saw him—twice," I answered.

I had no intention of telling her of my adventures with the count, but she was quick to read my countenance.

"You had trouble with him!" she exclaimed. Her face showed concern.

"A passing word," I assured her.

She was not altogether deceived. "I have let you do this for me!" she said. "I ought to have foreseen——"

"For you," I interrupted, "I would have sidetracked a dozen counts."

Our eyes met for an instant and her gaze sought the floor. The blood surged madly in my veins. For her, what wouldn't I do? If all the counts in the world were ogres, and I were pitted against them single-handed I would annihilate every one of them, I told myself.

She raised her eyes. "It troubles me," she went on, ignoring the compliment I had paid her, "to think that the count may annoy you in Paris. He is—what shall I say? Eccentric?"

"A fly, too, might pester me, Miss Huntington. I put the count and the fly in the same category, so far as he concerns me, personally. It is the annoyance he may cause you that troubles me. I shall be on the lookout for him."

There was anxiety in her eyes. "It was thoughtless of me," she said, "to let you aggravate the count. I have known him longer than you, Mr. Burton. I must warn you——"

She was on the point of telling me something about the count, when the meddlesome earl caught sight of us talking together.

"Aw! Miss Huntington!" he exclaimed, advancing as he adjusted his monocle. "Aw! really, I recall a very funny story——"

I was too mad to hear his funny story, although he drawled it out in my presence. I could have cut it short with a blow. The devil take the earl.

That day I purchased a revolver and kept it with me in anticipation of needing it in self-defense, should Razadowski come upon me suddenly. For days I watched for him, but as he failed to come my vigilance relaxed. I was curious to know how he got out of his Rotterdam escapade, but I had no means of learning. I sincerely hoped he might stay a long time in a Dutch prison.

CHAPTER VIII.

Playing a New Role.

I dined that night with the Huntington party at the Grand hotel. Happily my dress suit was finished. The dinner—but let me say a word parenthetically: This record is not a chronicle of society sayings. I am not a society man, except when I am forced into it, and nothing would be more distasteful to me than to write a narrative of that sort. I like men who do things in the world. I am impatient at this moment to jump boldly into daring exploits that are to come. Ah! how the fever of adventure grows in my veins as I contemplate—but I must restrain my impatience for a little. I must put down a few words to prepare my readers—to give a clear perspective for the word-picture I am to draw.

I shall never forget how Miss Huntington looked that night. Once I tried to describe to my sisters a gown I had seen, but they laughed at me. After that I never attempted a technical description of a woman's dress. However, Miss Huntington was a vision in pale blue, with lace and all that sort of thing. About her neck were diamonds and on her left hand an exquisite opal. She told me afterward that she was impatient of superstition. It was not Miss Huntington's gown or jewels, however, that attracted me. It was Miss Huntington herself. Her beauty was radiant. When her eyes rested on me they set me into a transport of ecstacy. It was then for the first time that I really knew I was in love with her. Ah! what strange, unexpected things befall us! What a grotesque, impossible thing to come into the life of Edward Burton—to be in love with Alice Huntington.

At dinner I let myself out a bit. I knew a lot of good stories that I had told to juries in Chicago. It must have been the exhilaration of Miss Huntington's presence that enabled me to tell them in Paris. I am sure it was not the wine. I was anxious now to amuse—not only Miss Huntington, but the earl and the lord, and Harrison and Black. If a man can make his enemies laugh at his jokes his vengeance is sweet, indeed. Harrison and Black did laugh, although I saw them trying to restrain themselves. The earl and the lord looked at me with immobile countenances. A joke that will make an earl or a lord laugh must be a rare one, indeed.

I speak of this only because it explains, in a measure, how I got into the American set in Paris. I met many people and attended many dinners and luncheons and suppers. I was asked to theatre parties and automobile parties and touring parties. I went to all of them, because I feared to miss a single opportunity to be with Miss Huntington. Sometimes, when I found her absent from some assemblage, or missing on a sight-seeing trip, I was plunged in black despair. It was for her dear sake alone that I endured this seeming round of gaiety. It was for her sake that I gave dinners of my own and took boxes at the opera and gave a coaching party to Versailles, and squandered my money as if it had been water.

And yet, through it all, I had no hope that I might marry Alice Huntington. How hopeless would be such a suit! I worshiped her, secretly, knowing that I must give her up in such a little time. I lived one long, intoxicating dream, although I knew the day of awakening was surely drawing nigh.

My original itinerary of Europe had allowed me only one week in Paris, and yet I stayed a month. I cared nothing now for the rest of Europe. Paris and Miss Huntington were all the world.

While it lasted I played the game like a millionaire. My suitcase grew into a trunk, filled with expensive clothes. I had every style of coat-tail that becomes a gentleman in Paris. Harrison and Black were millionaires in reality, but they failed to outshine Edward Burton. Ah! foolish jealousy! Why should a man be jealous without hope of marrying? And yet I confess that I had fits of maddening jealousy. What goaded me most was my doubt concerning Miss Huntington's affections—not for me, but for Harrison and Black. To think that she might care for me was too wild a dream; nevertheless I was half crazed with the fear that she loved one of these other chaps. I was not worried about the earl or lord, but of Harrison and Black—well, I was unable to decide. Sometimes I fancied that Miss Huntington was more than fond of one or the other. I couldn't make out which.

Mine was a blind, one-sided devotion, and yet there were times when Miss Huntington seemed very close and confidential—when she seemed quite as human as she had up on that Holland farm. One morning after a night of dreams, I rose at dawn and went for a stroll. Coming to a striking Gothic building I asked a gendarme what it was.

"That," said he, "is the historic Notre Dame cathedral. See! The funeral of a child is taking place. You may go in if you wish."

I had read Victor Hugo's "Hunchback," and the towers of the old church took on fresh interest, but what riveted my attention for the instant was the figure of a man bearing on one shoulder a small pine coffin. I followed him inside.

In sudden awe, I stood in the midst of the cathedral's solemnity. I felt as I have felt at times in a mighty forest. The vaulted arches gave the impression of a wood, and the somber illumination from the stained-glass windows might have been the sunlight filtering through lofty boughs. Aside from the little funeral party, the church seemed to be empty; but presently, when my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I saw a woman, standing by herself, watching the priest who was mumbling a service over the coffin on the floor. She was Miss Huntington.

"Surely," I half whispered, when I had advanced to greet her, "there is something more than chance that makes our paths converge in such strange ways."

It was strange, indeed, that in my associations with Miss Huntington there was so much to draw us together in thoughts and sympathies. It was the artist in her that had taken her to Notre Dame at dawn, and yet it pleased me to imagine that fate had sent us there to meet.

The sun was bright as we emerged from Notre Dame, and we tried to forget the picture we had seen inside, but as for me, I could not.

To my joy, she consented to breakfast with me at Durand's, and afterward we went for a long drive over Paris. What happiness to have her to myself. I saw nothing of Paris—only Miss Huntintgon beside me. Only one thing else stands out in my brain to recall that drive. It was the form of Black. I think it was in the Place De La Concorde that I spied him. He was leaning with his back against the railing around the bronze fountain, and his eyes were fixed directly on us. I lifted my hat, blandly triumphant. Black's face was a picture, as we drove on and left him scowling his jealousy.

I have mentioned this day in particular because it was a red-letter one for me. There were many other days when I was deep in the depths—days when I thought Miss Huntington indifferent, even cold toward me. There were days—but I have said enough.

CHAPTER IX.

Cablegrams.

It was atrociously repugnant to me to think of going back to America, yet I had less than two weeks more of Europe ahead of me. Important lawsuits awaited in Chicago. Nevertheless I rebelled at the thought of leaving Miss Huntington to Harrison and Black, and to the earl and lord, and the other cads. The return to the petty life of Chicago seemed unbearable, with its dull routine of courts, insipid dinners and little operas. I confessed that I liked the pace of a millionaire. I liked it because it gave me the companionship of Miss Huntington. What would life be without her? Ah! what despair overwhelmed me as I reflected that in a fortnight she would be nothing but a dream, indeed!

It was at this juncture that I ran across Gilbert and his wife, from Chicago. They were touring Europe in an automobile, and they insisted that I take a little trip with them into Switzerland. I tried to dodge the invitation, but I had no good excuse.

"It is perfectly ridiculous for you to spend a month in Paris and return to the United States without seeing even Switzerland," Mrs. Gilbert told me. "Dear me! I do believe there's a girl in the case, or you never would tie up to Paris in such a fashion."

She kept on talking in that way until she goaded me into going. Switzerland! Pah! Why should I go to Switzerland, when Miss Huntington was in Paris?

I was gone only three days, but when I returned I had a premonition that some disaster had befallen.

It was evening when I reached the Grand hotel, and as soon as I had dressed, I hastened to send my card to the Huntington suite. How unutterably shocked I was to learn that the Huntingtons had departed from Paris suddenly that very day. Not only had they gone, but they had left no word as to their destination. Indeed, the more I attempted to inquire into their abrupt departure, the more puzzled I became. It was evident to me that they had covered up their tracks. Why? There was only one reason that I could imagine—Count Razadowski! Had he come to Paris? or had Miss Huntington got some word of him?

I made minute inquiries and looked through the hotel mail with extraordinary care, still daring to hope that Miss Huntington had left a note for me. I was disappointed. I felt sick at heart to think that after all our companionship in Paris she would go away without even a word. I could scarcely believe it, and yet I was forced to admit that she had ignored me.

I made another discovery at the Grand hotel, however, that filled me with wrath. I learned that Harrison and Black had departed simultaneously with the Huntingtons. While I was nursing my rage over this, I saw the earl and lord come into the hotel lobby together. I was sure, from the excited way in which they talked, and from the woe-begone expressions on their faces that they, too, had been left out in the cold. Miss Huntington had eluded them.

I did not wish to meet the Englishmen, so I walked out while their backs were turned, and spent an hour or two wandering about the streets, oblivious of where I went. The more I walked, the madder I got. What right had Harrison and Black to go with the Huntingtons? Was I not entitled even to know their destination? Was I to be classed with the count, and with the earl and lord?

When I returned to the hotel I found a cablegram from my law partner in Chicago:

"Burton, Paris—New traction litigation; need you badly; cut the continent. KIMBALL."

I tore up the message in fresh wrath. My wavering resolution was crystallized. I would show Harrison and Black that I was no under dog. I would not go back to America in defeat. I would find Miss Huntington.

I sat down in my room and counted what money I had left. There was enough to buy my passage home, if I had wanted to go there, but I had spent nearly a thousand dollars in Paris. My original allowance for the French metropolis had been one-tenth of that. I had wasted in a single city as much as I had provided for my whole tour of Europe.

Nevertheless, I sent a cablegram to America:

"Kimball, Chicago—Matters here much more important than traction suit. Get Connors to help and charge his fees to me. Cable me $2,000 quick. Will explain later. BURTON."

(To Be Continued.)

Seeing New York of Olden Time

VIEW OF THE CITY HALL, THE PARK, THE PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY AND CHATHAM ST. IN 1822

In these days of intense interest in opera, it is interesting to read Dr. John W. Francis' reminiscences of the introduction of the Garcia Italian opera troupe in 1825, for which "we were indebted to the taste and refinement of Dominick Lynch, the liberality of the manager of the Park theatre, Stephen Price, and the distinguished reputation of the Venetian, Lorenzo da Ponte. Lynch, a native of New York, was the acknowledged head of the fashionable and festive board, a gentleman of the town, and a melodist of great powers and of exquisite taste; he had long striven to enhance the character of our music; he was the master of English song, but he felt, from his close cultivation of music and his knowledge of the genius of his countrymen, that much was wanting, and that more could be accomplished, and he sought out while in Europe an Italian troupe, which his persuasive eloquence and the liberal spirit of Price led to embark for our shores, where they arrived in November, 1825. The old Italian poet and composer of the libretto of Don Giovanni and Le Nozze di Figaro, the associate of Mozart, was here in this city to greet them, and on the night of October 29, 1825, at the Park theatre, we listened to Il Barbiere de Seviglie, of the matchless Rossini.

"More was realized by the immense multitude who filled the house than had been anticipated, and the opera ended with an universal shout of bravo, bravissimo. The city reverberated the acclamations. The indomitable energy of Garcia, aided by his melodious strains and his exhaustless powers, the bewitching talents of his daughter, the Signorina Garcia, with her artistic faculties as an actress and her flights of inspirations, the novelty of her conception and her captivating person, proved that a galaxy of genius in a novel vocation, unknown to the new world, demanded now its patronage. To these primary personages, as making up the role, were added Angrisani, whose bass seemed as the peal of the noted organ at Haerlem; Rosich, a buffo of great resources; Crevelli, a promising debutante; the younger Garcia, with Signora Garcia and Madam Barbiere, constituting a musical phalanx which neither London nor Paris could surpass. From the moment that first night's entertainment closed I looked upon the songs of Phillips, the melodies of Moore and even the ballads of Scotland as shorn of their popularity. * * * The Italian opera is an elaboration of many thoughts, of intelligence extensive and various; while it assimilates itself by its harmonious construction and entirety, it becomes effective by external impression and rational combination. It blends instruction with delight."

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXVII.

A Ghost in Whitechapel.

Despite a certain amount of relief at leaving a neighborhood so full of horrible associations, those first few weeks in London were certainly not halcyon ones. My post was by no means a sinecure. Every morning I had thirty or forty letters to answer, besides which there was an immense amount of copying to be done. The subject-matter of all this correspondence was by no means interesting to me, and the work itself, although I forced myself to accomplish it with at any rate apparent cheerfulness was tedious and irksome. Apart from all this, I found it unaccountably hard to concentrate my thoughts upon my secretarial labors. The sight of the closely written pages, given me to copy, continually faded away, and I saw in their stead Warren slopes with the faint outlines of the Court—in the distance Bruce Deville walking side by side with Olive Berdenstein, as I had seen them on the day before I had come away. She had now at any rate what she had so much desired—the man whom she loved with so absorbing a passion—all to herself, free to devote himself to her, if he had indeed the inclination, and with no other companionship at hand to distract his thoughts from her. I found myself wondering more than once whether she would ever succeed in making her bargain with him. The little news which we had was altogether indefinite. Alice did not mention either of them in her scanty letters. She was on the point of moving to Eastminster—in fact, she was already spending most of her time there. From Bruce Deville himself we had heard nothing, although my mother had written to him on the first day of our arrival in London. Once or twice she had remarked upon his silence, and I had listened to her surmises without remark.

I am afraid that as a secretary I was not a brilliant success in those first few unhappy weeks. But my mother made no complaint. I could see that it made her happy to have me with her. My silence she doubtless attributed to my anxiety concerning my father. I did my best to hide my unhappiness from her.

News of some sort came from Alice at last. She wrote from Eastminster saying that she had nearly finished the necessary preparations there, and was looking forward to my father's return. She had heard from him that morning, she said. He was at Ventnor, and much improved in health. She was expecting him home in a week.

But in the afternoon of that same day a strange thing happened. My mother was compelled to go to the East End of London, and at the last moment insisted upon my going with her. She was on the committee in connection with the proposed erection of some improved dwelling houses somewhere in Whitechapel, and the meeting was to be held in a schoolroom in the Commercial Road. I was looking pale, she said, and the drive there would do me good, so I went with her, lacking energy to refuse, and sat in the carriage whilst she went to the meeting—a proceeding which I very soon began to regret.

The surroundings and environment of the place were in every way depressing. The carriage had been drawn up at the corner of two great thoroughfares — avenues through which flows the dark tide of all that is worst and most wretched of London poverty. For a few minutes I watched the people. It was horrible, yet in a sense fascinating. But when the first novelty had worn off the whole thing suddenly sickened me. I removed my eyes from the pavement with a shudder. I would watch the people no longer. Nothing, I told myself, should induce me to look again upon that stream of brutal and unsexed men and women. I kept my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the rug at my feet. And then a strange thing happened to me. Against my will a moment came when I was forced to raise my eyes. A man hurrying past the carriage had half halted upon the pavement only a foot or two away from me. As I looked up our eyes met. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, and he had a handkerchief tied closely around his neck in lieu of collar. He was wearing a flannel shirt and no tie. His whole appearance, so far as dress was concerned, was miserably in accord with the shabbiness of his surroundings. Yet from underneath his battered hat a pair of piercing eyes met mine, and a delicate mouth quivered for a moment with a curious and familiar emotion. I sprang from my seat and struggled frantically with the fastening of the carriage door. Disguise was all in vain, so far as I was concerned. It was my father who stood there looking at me. I pushed the carriage door open at last and sprang out upon the pavement. I was a minute too late—already he was a vanishing figure. At the corner of a squalid little court he turned round and held out one hand threateningly towards me. I paused involuntarily. The gesture was one which it was hard to disobey. Yet I think that I most surely should have disobeyed it, but for the fact that during my momentary hesitation he had disappeared. I hurried forward a few steps. There was no sign of him anywhere. He had passed down some steps and vanished in a wilderness of small courts; to pursue him was hopeless. Already a little crowd of people were gazing at me boldly and curiously. I turned round and stepped back into the carriage.

I waited in an agony of impatience until my mother came out. Then I told her with trembling voice what had happened.

Her face grew paler as she listened, but I could see that she was inclined to doubt my story.

"It could not have been your father," she exclaimed, her voice shaking with agitation. "You must have been mistaken."

I shook my head sadly. There was no possibility of any mistake so far as I was concerned.

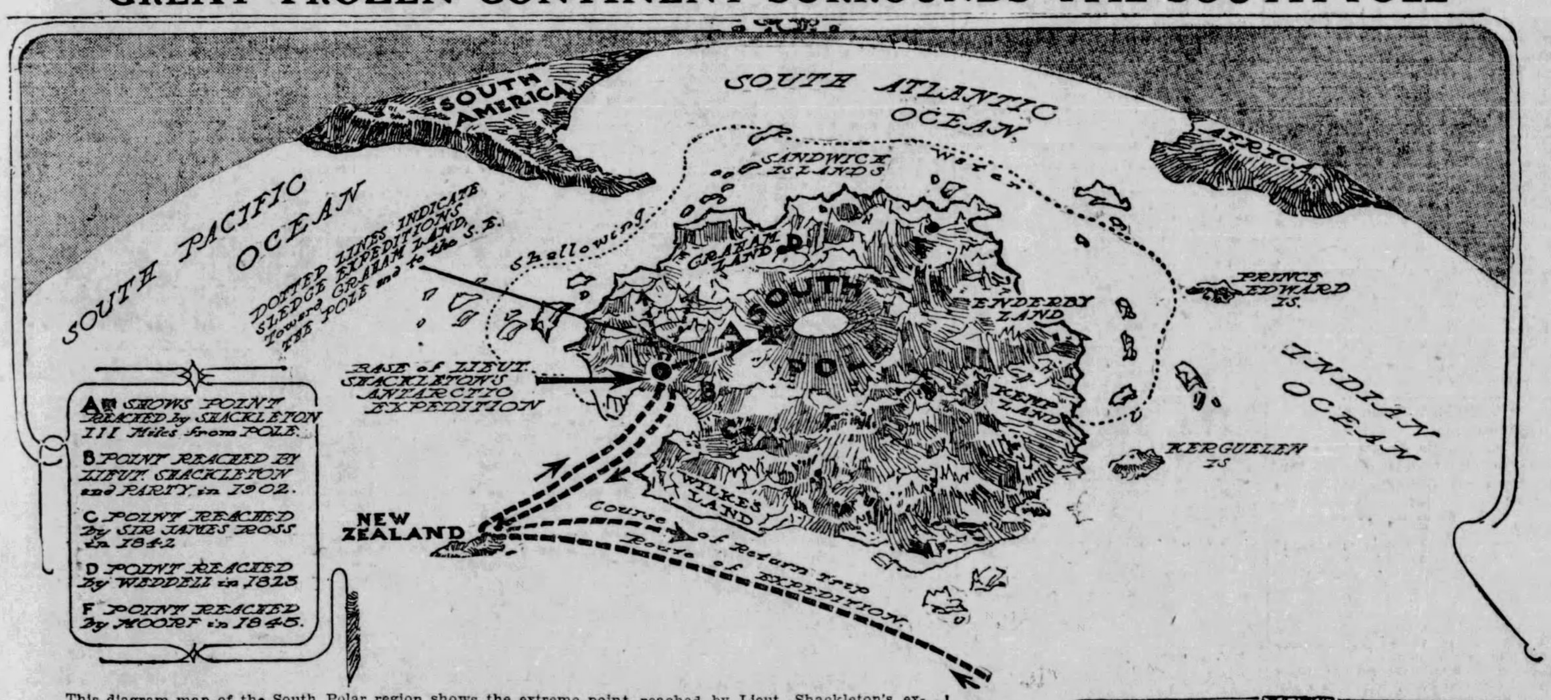
"It was my father. That girl has broken her word." I cried bitterly. "She has seen him and—she knows. He is hiding from her!"

We drove straight to the telegraph office. My mother wrote out a message to Mr. Deville. I, too, sent one to Olive. Then we drove back to our rooms. There was nothing to be done but wait.

It was six o'clock before the first answer came back. It was from Mr. Bruce Deville. I tore it open and read it.

"You must be mistaken. Can answer for it she has taken no steps

GREAT FROZEN CONTINENT SURROUNDS THE SOUTH POLE


SOUTH AMERICA
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
AFRICA
SANDWICH ISLANDS
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
DOTTED LINES INDICATE SLEDGE EXPEDITIONS TOWARD GRAHAM LAND, AND TO THE S.P.
Shallows
GRAHAM LAND
SOUTH POLE
ENDERBY LAND
KING EDWARD VII LAND
PRINCE EDWARD IS.
INDIAN OCEAN
KERGUELEN IS
WILKES LAND
NEW ZEALAND
Course of Return Trip
Route of Expedition
BASE of LIEUT. SHACKLETON'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION
A SHOWS POINT REACHED by SHACKLETON 111 Miles from POLE.
B POINT REACHED BY LIEUT. SHACKLETON and PARTY in 1902.
C POINT REACHED by SIR JAMES ROSS in 1842
D POINT REACHED by WEDDELL in 1823
F POINT REACHED by MOORE in 1845.

This diagram map of the South Polar region shows the extreme point reached by Lieut. Shackleton's expedition which planted the British flag within 111 miles of the pole. The extreme points reached by other expeditions are also shown on the diagram.

Old-Time Sea Food.

London Standard.

A glance at the fish shops today arouses the reflection that one could have fasted with far more variety in the middle ages. Where is now the whale of yesteryear, that was roasted and served on the spit, or boiled with peas, the tongue and tail being the choicest parts? The porpoise, too, was a royal dish, roasted whole and eaten with mustard, when Henry VII was king, and so was the grampus or sea wolf. The lamprey, after its one dramatic and regicidal performance, seems to have lost its popularity; and nobody nowadays is anxious to eat the limpet. Many fish, however, seem to have endured throughout the ages, such as the sprat and herring, eaten especially in Lent; the oyster (officially a fish), cooked in wine for breakfast, and the anchovy, sternly anathematized by old Tobias Venner in 1620 as "food for drunkards."

Tribute From Mexican Night Owls.

Baltimore American.

"There is a funny old custom in the City of Mexico which entitles the janitor, or portero, of lodging houses to collect a few cents from any tenant who stays out after 10 o'clock at night," said Mr. P. H. Dugan, a mining engineer of that capital. "Some of the porteros put out signs, which translated into English read about this way: 'If you want me to open the door you will have to pay me, else I shall keep it closed.' Many a time I've seen young gallants standing in the vestibule of their apartments in the wee sma' hours lurching like a ship in a gale as they fished in their pockets for the needful coin that would cause the heart of the domestic to relent and let them in."

A New Thing at Watch Regulating.

New York Sun.

"After carrying a watch for thirty years, I have just learned something new in watch lore," said the city salesman. "I don't know whether this is true or not, but an old watchmaker told me. I bought a watch of him the other day. It was a cheap watch. He said:

"'What pocket are you going to carry your watch in—the right or left?'

"I told him the left.

"'Then,' said he, 'I will regulate it for the left.'

"I asked what difference it made, and he declared that a watch runs faster on the left side than on the right, so to keep it from gaining time he regulates it accordingly. In fine watches the difference is hardly worth considering, but in watches of cheap make like mine it is very noticeable. I asked for a scientific reason for this variation. He could give none; said he only knew it was true, and then, whether he was faking or not, he pretended to regulate my watch for the left pocket.

Women's Work and Infant Mortality

London Post.

In eight industrial towns, where the proportion of married women of child-bearing age at work in the factories was 42 per cent, the infant mortality rate for ten years averaged 152 per 1,000. In eight industrial towns of a different type, where the proportion of married women at work was only 3 per cent, the infant mortality was only 150 per 1,000. The excessive rate in the first group is not due to bad wages nor to bad conditions, but to the absence of the mother.

Autos With Dog Kennels.

Popular Mechanics.

The dog trotting contentedly along between or just back of the rear wheels of a carriage is one of the pleasant remembrances of the time when the horse was supreme, but horse and dog were both rudely disturbed by the advent of the automobile.

Automobiles run too fast for a dog to trot along beside, and as there is not room within the automobile for anything larger than a lap dog the couch dog had to go.

One English automobile firm is now manufacturing an automobile body that opens at the back, disclosing a roomy kennel for dogs, but it is probable that although better than nothing at all, this arrangement will not be completely satisfactory to either dog or master.

Talking Post Cards.

Lady's Pictorial.

Talking postcards have been spoken of for some time past. They have now become an accomplished fact in Europe, though they are hardly likely to come within reach of the million just yet. Happily they have not reached such perfection that on coming down in the morning one's correspondence will hail one in various voices. It is ghastly to think of everybody's postcards shouting around the table. So far the phonographic message card can only be made to "speak" by taking it to a postal center, where it is placed in a machine which sets it in motion.

From the LONDON GRAPHIC

Diphtheria Spread by Schoolbooks.

London Standard.

Dr. W. H. Fisher, the medical officer of health to the Walsingham district council, in his annual report traces an outbreak of diphtheria which occurred in the Raynham district to a batch of schoolbooks that had not been disinfected after a similar epidemic about six months previously. This time the schools were closed, the premises thoroughly disinfected and sprayed, and all the books in use at one school in which the disease originated destroyed.

Tribute From Mexican Night Owls.

Baltimore American.

"There is a funny old custom in the City of Mexico which entitles the janitor, or portero, of lodging houses to collect a few cents from any tenant who stays out after 10 o'clock at night," said Mr. P. H. Dugan, a mining engineer of that capital. "Some of the porteros put out signs, which translated into English read about this way: 'If you want me to open the door you will have to pay me, else I shall keep it closed.' Many a time I've seen young gallants standing in the vestibule of their apartments in the wee sma' hours lurching like a ship in a gale as they fished in their pockets for the needful coin that would cause the heart of the domestic to relent and let them in."

Plea of a Modest Man.

When I was a youth one would never
Comment on a lady's attire;
In no circumstances whatever
Would he do much more than admire—
Why, talking of styles for the ladies
And mentioning what they should wear
Was like using plain words for hades
And more than one's conscience could bear.

Of woman, superior creature,
We talked in a general way;
We dared not discuss form and feature
As every one seems to today.
We praised her in verses impassioned,
Addressed to her eyes or her hand,
But how her apparel was fashioned
We asked not, nor how it was planned.

Today it is really painful
The way fashion's tricks are exposed;
In my day with gesture disdainful
Discussions of fashions were closed,
But now! Why, it simply is awful!
They tell how a woman is made
As calmly as though 'twere a waffle
Whose component parts were displayed!

The merits of powders and lotions
For giving the cheeks a pink tint,
And other cosmetical notions
To brighten the eyes with a glint—
And that isn't all! One's attention
Is called to much other advice
That I've not the courage to mention;
To hint at it thus must suffice.

Alas! With the world growing older
The people are not as they were.
They seem to be brazenly bolder,
And neither to question nor care.
The women! They once were our mytics
Ethereal, lovely and strange—
Today they're reduced to statistics,
A saddening, sorrowful change!

When I was a youth—But 'tis idle
To cite those truisms again.
Yet garb for debut, or for bride!
Display, was not talked about then!
Cease talking of intimate venture;
I pray and implore you to hush;
Allow me to gently suggest your
Remarks make a modest man blush!

—Wilbur Nesbit, in Chicago Post.

The "New South."

New York Sun.

It is all rot and rigmarole. Northern and western men are swarming into the south and have been for many years. The cotton mills of the Carolinas, the steel, coal and iron mines and manufactorers of of Tennessee and Alabama, the sugar and rice fields of Louisiana, the lumber industries of Mississippi and Florida, these and a hundred other pursuits have absorbed the imigrants; intermarriage and community of interest have drawn easterners and middle westerners into the local civilization and identified them with the destiny of the section. The southern boom was born of its own natural resources, not of maudlin mouthing over dinner tables or at the head of visiting delegations. Willett of Anniston and Rhodes of Birmingham are merely tiresome hucksters of flapdoodle. Outsiders have seen that the south offers them many flattering opportunities. They have gone there with their money and their activities and have been assimilated. That's all there is to it. The "New South" be blowed!

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable health restoring properties in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you are obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease may be stealing upon you, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best.

Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

She is still here. Mr. Ffolliot has not returned. Impossible for them to have met."

The pink paper fluttered to the ground at our feet. I tore open the second one; it was from Olive Berdenstein—

"Do not understand you. I have no intention of breaking our compact."

We read them both over again carefully. Then we looked at one another.

"He must have taken fright needlessly," I said, in a low tone.

"You are still certain, then, that it was he?" she asked.

"Absolutely!" I answered. "If only we could find him! In a week it will be too late."

"Too late!" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"The ceremony at Eastminster is on Sunday week. He was to have been there at least a week before. I am afraid that he will not go at all now."

"We must act at once," my mother declared, firmly. "I know exactly where you saw him. I will go there at once."

"We will go together," I cried. "I shall be ready in a minute."

She shook her head.

"I must go alone," she said, quietly. You would only be in the way. I know the neighborhood and the people. They will tell me more if I am alone."

She was away until midnight. When at last she returned I saw at once by her face that she had been unsuccessful.

"There is no clue, then?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"None."

We sat and looked at one another in silence.

"Tomorrow," she said, "I will try again."

But tomorrow came and went, and we were still hopelessly in the dark. On the morning of the third day we were in despair. Then, as we sat over our breakfast, almost in despair, a letter was brought to me. It was from Alice, and enclosed in it was one from my father.

"You seem," she wrote," "to have been very anxious about father lately, so I thought you would like to read this letter from him. We are almost straight here now, but it has been very hard work, and I have missed you very much. . . ."

There was more of the same sort, but I did not stop to read it. I passed it on to my mother, and eagerly read the lines from my father. His letter was dated three days ago—the very day of my meeting with him in the Commercial Road, and the postmark was Ventnor.

"My dear child," he commenced, "I am better and shall return for certain on Monday. The air here is delightful, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day. If you see the Bishop tell him that you have heard from me. My love to Kate, if you are writing. I hope that she will be coming down for next week. There is a good deal for me to say to her.—Your affectionate father, HORACE FFOLLIOT."

My mother read both letters, and then looked up at me with a great relief in her face.

"After all you see you must have been mistaken," she exclaimed. "There can be no doubt about it."

And I said no more, but one thing was as certain as my life itself—the man who had waved me back from following him along the pavements of the Commercial Road was most surely no other man than my father.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Eastminster.

The days that followed were, in a sense, like the calm before the threatened storm. As the date of my father's promised return to Eastminster drew near, every day I expected to hear from Alice that he had abandoned his purpose, and that Northshire would see him no more. But no such letter came. On the contrary, when news did come it was news which astonished me.

"You will be glad to hear," Alice wrote, "that father came back last night looking better, although rather thin. He did not seem to have understood that you were already with Mrs. Fortress, and I think he was disappointed not to see you. At the same time, considering that you have acted without consulting him in any way, and that there is certainly some room for doubt as to the wisdom of the step you have taken, I think that he takes your absence very well. He wants you to come down in a week for a day or two. No doubt you will be able to manage this. You must stay for a Sunday. Father preached last evening, and there was quite a sensation. Lady Bolton has been so kind. She says that the Bishop is continually congratulating himself upon having found father in the diocese. I have not seen either Mr. Deville or Miss Berdenstein since I left the vicarage. As you can imagine I have been terribly busy. The house here is simply delightful. The old oak is priceless, and there are such quaint little nooks and corners everywhere. Do come at once. Ever your loving sister, ALICE."

I passed the letter across to my mother, and when she had finished it she looked with a smile into my still troubled face.

"That proves finally that you were wrong," she remarked, quietly. "I suppose you have no more doubts about it?"

I shook my head. I did not commit myself to speech.

"I suppose I must have been mistaken," I said. "It was a wonderful likeness."

"He wants to see you," she continued, looking wistfully across at me. "You know what that means?"

"Yes," I answered. "I think I know what that means."

"He will try to make you leave me," she went on. "Perhaps he will be right. At any rate, he will think that he is right. It will be a struggle for you, child. He has a strong will."

"I know it," I answered; "but I have made up my mind. Nothing will induce me to change it—nothing, at any rate, that my father will be able to say. Another month like the last would kill me. Besides, I do not think that I was meant for a clergyman's daughter—I am too restless. I want a different sort of life. No, you need not fear. I shall come back to you."

"If I thought that you would not," she said, "I should be very unhappy. I have made so many plans for the future—our future."

I crossed the room to the side of her chair and threw myself down upon my knees, with my head in her lap. She passed her arms around me, and I had no need to say a single word. She understood.

I think as I walked down the little main street of Eastminster that sunny morning I knew that the crisis in these strange events was fast drawing near. The calm of the last few days had been too complete. Almost I could have persuaded myself that the events of the last month or two had been a dream. No one could possibly have imagined that the thunder-cloud of tragedy were hovering over that old-fashioned, almost cloistral, dwelling-house lying in the very shadow of the cathedral. My father was, beyond a doubt, perfectly at his ease, calm and dignified, and wearing his new honors with a wonderful grace and dignity. Alice was perfectly happy in the new atmosphere of a cathedral town. To all appearances they were a model father and daughter, settling down for a very happy and uneventful life. But to me there was something unnatural alike in my father's apparent freedom from all anxiety and in Alice's complacent ignorance. I could not breathe freely in the room whilst they talked with interest about their new surroundings and the increased possibilities of their new life. But what troubled me most perhaps was that my father absolutely declined to discuss with me anything connected with the past. On every occasion when I sought to lead up to it he had at once checked me peremptorily. Nor would he suffer me to allude in any way to my new life. Once, when I opened my lips to frame some suggestive sentence, I caught a light in his eyes before which I was dumb. Gradually I began to realize what it meant. By leaving him for my mother, I had virtually declared myself on her side. All that I had been before went for nothing. In his eyes I was no longer his daughter. I should no longer have even those tragic glimpses into his inner life. My anxieties, indeed, were to be lessened as my knowledge was to be less. Yet that was a thought which brought me little consolation. I felt as though I had deserted a brave man.

I had come for a walk to escape from it, and at the end of the little line of shops isuing from the broad archway of the old-fashioned hotel I came face to face with Bruce Deville. He was carefully, even immaculately, dressed in riding clothes, and he was carrying himself with a new ease and dignity. Directly he saw me he stopped short and held out his hand.

"What fortune!" he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment, or appearing to forget, to release my hand. "I heard that you were down, and I was going to call. It is much pleasanter to meet you though!"

I was miserably and unaccountably nervous. Our old relative positions seemed suddenly to have become reversed.

"We will go back, then," I said; "it is only a moment's walk to the close."

He laid his hand upon the sleeve of my jacket and checked me.

"No! it is you whom I wanted to see. I may not be able to talk to you alone at your house, and, besides, your father might not allow me to enter it. Will you come for a short walk with me? There is a way through the fields a little higher up. I have something to say to you."

I suffered myself to be easily persuaded. There was something positively masterful about the firm ring of his voice, the strong touch of his fingers, the level, yet anxious glance of his keen, gray eyes. Anyhow I went with him. He appeared to know the way perfectly. Soon we were walking slowly along a country road, and Eastminster lay in the valley behind us.

"Where is Miss Berdenstein?" I asked him.

He looked at me with a gleam of something in his eyes which puzzled me. It was half kindly, half humorous. Then in an instant I understood. The girl had told him. Something decided had happened then between them. Perhaps she had told him everything.

"I believe," he answered, "that Miss Berdenstein has gone to London. Don't you feel that you owe me a very humble plea for forgiveness?"

I looked at him cautiously.

"Why?"

His lips relaxed a little. He was half smiling.

"Did you not make a deliberate plot against me in conjunction with Miss Berdenstein?"

"I am not sure that I understand you," I answered. "I certainly did not originate any plot against you."

"Nay, but you fell in with it. I know all about it, so you may just as well confess. Miss Berdenstein was to leave off making inconvenient inquriies about Philip Maltabar, and you were to be as rude to me as you could. Wasn't that something like the arrangement? You see I know all about it. I have had the benefit of a full confession."

"If you know," I remarked, "you do not need to ask me."

"That is quite true," he answered, opening a gate and motioning me to precede him. "But at the same time I thought that it would be rather—well, piquant to hear the details from you."

"You are very ungenerous," I said, coldly.

"I hope not," he answered. "Do you know I only discovered this diabolical affair yesterday, and——"

"Mr. Deville!"

He turned around and looked at me. I was standing in the middle of the path, and I daresay I looked as angry as I felt.

"I will tell you the truth," I said. "Afterwards, if you allude to the matter at all I shall go away at once. The girl has it in her power as you know, to do us terrible harm. She, of her own accord, offered to forego that power forever—although she is quite ignorant of its extent—if I would not see or talk with you. She was a little fool to make the offer, of course, but I should have been more foolish still if I had not accepted it. She imagined that our relative positions were different. However, that is of no consequence, of course. I made the bargain, and I kept my part of it. I avoided you and I left the neighborhod. You have reminded me that I am not keeping to the letter of my agreement in being here with you. I should prefer your leaving me, as I can find my way home quite well alone."

"It is unnecessary," he said. "The agreement is off. Miss Berdenstein and I have had an understanding."

"You are engaged then?" I faltered.

"Well, no," he said, coolly, "I should perhaps have said a misunderstanding."

"Tell me the truth at once," I demanded.

"I am most anxious to do so," he answered. "She was, as you remarked, a little fool. She became sentimental and I laughed at her. She became worse, and I put her right. That was last night. She was silly enough to get into a passion, and from her incoherencies I gathered the reason why you were so unapproachable those last few days at the Vicarage. That is why I got up at 6 o'clock this morning and rode into Eastminster."

"Have you come here this morning?" I asked.

"Yes, it's only thirty miles," he answered, coolly. "I wanted to see you."

I was silent for a few moments. This was news indeed. What might come of it I scarcely dared to think. A whole torrent of surmises came flooding in upon me.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In London, I should think, by this time," he answered.

I drew a long breath of relief. To be rid of her for a time would be happiness.

"I believe," he continued, "that she intends to return to Paris."

After all it was perhaps the best thing that could happen; if she should been in earnest—and I knew that she had been in earnest—she would hate England now. At any rate she would not want to come back again just yet. My face cleared. After all it was good news.

"She has gone—out of our lives, I hope," he said quietly, "and in her hysterics she left one little legacy behind for me—and that is hope. I know that I am not half good enough for you," he said, with an odd little tremble in his tone, "but you have only seen the worst of me. Do you think that you could care for me a little? Would you try?"

Then when I should have been strong I was pitiably weak. I struggled for words in despair. He was so calm, so strong, so confident. How was I to stand against him?

"It is impossible," I said; "you know who I am. I shall never marry."

He laughed at me scornfully.

"If that is all," he said, taking my hands suddenly into his, "you shall not leave me until you have promised."

"But—I——"

Then he was very bold, and I should have been very angry, but was not. He looked coolly round, and finding that there was none in sight, he drew me to him and kissed me. His arms were like steel bars around me, I could not possibly escape. After that there were no words which I could say. I was amazed at myself, but I was very happy. The twilight was falling upon the city when we walked once more through the little streets, and my veil was closely drawn to hide my wet eyes.

My lover—I dared to call him that at last—was coming home with me, and for a few brief moments my footsteps seemed to be falling upon air.

I allowed myself the luxury of forgetfulness; the load of anxiety which had seemed crushing had suddenly rolled away. But at the entrance to the close a little dark figure met us face to face, and my blood ran cold in my veins, for she lifted her veil, and my dream of happiness vanised into thin air. Her face was like the face of an evil spirit, yet she would have passed me without a word, but that I held out my hand and stopped her.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "What do you want?"

She smiled at me with the malice of a fiend.

"It was a little call," she said, "which I was paying upon your father. "He was unfortunately not at home. No matter, I shall call again; I shall call again and again until I see him. I am in no hurry to leave. Eastminster is such an interesting place!"

Then my heart died away within me, and the light of my sudden happiness grew dim. She looked from one to the other of us, and here eyes were lit with a new fury. Some subtle instinct seemed to guide her to the truth.

"May I congratulate you both?" she asked, with a sneer in her tone. "A little sudden, isn't it?"

We did not answer. I had no words, and Bruce remained grimly and contemptuously silent. She gathered up her skirts, and her eyes flashed an evil light upon us.

"After all," she exclaimed, "it is an admirable arrangement! How happy you both look! Don't let me keep you! I shall call later on this evening."

She flitted away like a dark shadow and passed underneath the stone archway out of the close. I covered my face with my hands and moaned. It had come at last, then. All that I had done had been useless. I was face to face with despair.

(To Be Continued.)

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"Obbac System" Produces Startling Quick Results. No Mercury or Other Poisonous Mineral Medicines Used.

Be Cured Quick, or Pay Us No Money.

The Obbac System Drives Out Every Particle of Blood Poison in the Human Body—Or No Pay for Us.

No man or woman with blood-poison need worry one moment longer. No matter how chronic or serious your case may be, or how many kinds of treatment you may have taken without result, you may feel positively certain that every particle of blood poison may be driven from your system quickly and absolutely by the remarkable Obbac System, or it does not cost you a cent.

This treatment is remarkable because entirely vegetable. It contains positively no mercury or other poisonous, brain-killing, tissue-destroying mineral acids which are as bad, if not worse, in their effects on the system, than the disease itself.

Patients who began taking this treatment last week already feel and see a change in themselves. Patients who have taken the wonderful Obbac System for only two or three weeks report that their friends already see and comment on their quick improvement. Those who have taken the full course prove they are cured absolutely by the Wasserman Test, which is the most rigid, scientific test for this purpose known to medical science. Remember we guarantee a complete cure or no pay.

Sores, ulcers and other blood poison symptoms rapidly disappear. Every particle of the terrible virus of blood poison is driven out of the blood, the glands, the muscles, in fact every nook and corner of the system.

Whether man or woman, you can be positively and quickly cured by Obbac Treatment and be in as good condition after treatment as though you never had blood poison in your life. This cannot be so if you take mercury or other mineral poisons commonly used.

So effective and positive are the results of Obbac System that we give you an iron-clad guarantee in writing to cure you or you pay no money. Call or write today. Let us tell you about it. We take the risk, you get the cure or it costs you nothing—could anything be fairer. We tell you in simple words how this Obbac Treatment positively cures in our booklet "The Truth About It." It is a remarkable book and you ought to read it. It is free. Send your name and address today to the Obbac Co., 136 Rector Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for this free book and proof of cure, and know how to cure yourself right quick in the privacy of your own home and without using poisonous mineral drugs.

Lacked Nerve

It is evident to most of us, as we advance in years, that we lack the force, energy and vitality that was ours in youth. This, however, need not be, provided we take the proper steps to fortify ourselves against this weakness and loss of vital power by making use of the treatment which is the safest and most effective known to medical science for Nervous Debility, Lack of Nerve Force, Weakness, etc., brought on by overwork, worry or any other cause. To those who desire to test the merits of this wonderful preparation we have induced Messrs. Winchester and Co., of 1009 Beekman Bldg., New York city, who are the oldest manufacturers of Hypophosphite preparations in America, (est. 1858) to send a regular full size $1 box of The Specific Pill to all our readers who will send them this advertisement, inclosing twenty-five cents with name.

Don't fail to take advantage of this offer (the first they have made to our readers in fifty years) as same expires May 1st, 1909. This is no C. O. D. or Treatment Scheme. Write name and address plainly. Booklet free on request, by sealed mail.

Coquelin's Memory.

Fortnightly Review.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play tonight if need be?" somebody asked Coquelin. He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of 53 plays of his repertoire. His friends laughed.

"You are boasting surely, mon ami?" said the Viscomte de Lovenjoul.

"Not at all. Every one of these plays in your library," said Coquelin quietly. "Get them all out and put them on the table." The viscomte did so. "Now," said Coquelin, "let anybody select a cue from any one of these plays at haphazard and give it to me."

They tried him with sixteen plays out of the 53 and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.

Use of the Telephone in Austria.

Vienna Correspondence, Pall Mall Gazette.

Telephone calls in Austria fell off in 1908 some 80,000,000 below the figures of the preceding year. The postoffice officials are quite unable to account for such a decrease in the number of conversations over the telephone—the more so as the service is taxed to the utmost and new cables are being laid all the time.

No doubt some part of the decrease was due to the fact that in connection with the introduction of a higher scale for the telephone subscribers, calls were being counted in order to decide into which class they were to be put.

Of the 154,000,000 calls in all Austria, 7,000,000 were in lower Vienna. Dalmatia came at the bottom of the list with 127,000 calls. The Vienna telephone service is by no means bad, the proportion of wrong connections made being below 2 per cent—a very fair showing.

Pure Water by Condensation.

Popular Mechanics.

In the big desert of Chile there is a considerable amount of brackish water, but no water that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks, consisting of a series of frames containing 20,000 square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water.

The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.

SISTER'S TRICK

But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee, but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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ESTAB. 1859

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Have a heifer that milks herself, and I would be pleased if somebody would suggest a humane way of breaking her of the habit.—D., Martinsville, Ill.

Will some one tell me the best time, in the southeastern part of South Dakota, to cut off the lower limbs of evergreens, or trim them, in other words—S., Monroe, S. Dak.

Will some one tell me of a remedy for sore feet in horses, caused by standing on a plank floor?—L., Shawville, Ill.

Flies are the bane of life during the summer season at our house. There is a tower on the house and they come in through that. Would like to know of some method of exterminating them. Tried sulphur, but without avail.—P., Clyde, N. Y.

COAL ASHES

G., Ypsilanti, Mich.: The ferns, lycopods, pines, etc., that made the coal contained less potash than modern timber. Some of this was soaked out in the process of coal making and the rest is combined into insoluble silicates by the heat of the fire. So coal ashes are not a fertilizer, but stiff clay soil is benefited by them, being made looser and more mellow. A man wrote that the only way to make tile drains on his land was to fill the ditch with them; it filled with the clay dug out of them the water ran right across them.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

MAKING A CISTERN

H., Dale, W. Va.: A cistern can be made by plastering up the earth of the sides and bottom, but a thin stone wall made of small field stone, four to five inches wide, well cemented all through and plastered smooth, is better. The wall of a round cistern is much more durable than that of a square one. Dig deep enough to have the water 3 feet under ground and there will be no frost in the cistern. Make the wall vertical as high as you want it, then put on a course of wider stones letting them project into the well three inches or so to contract it. Then another course projecting over the first one of still wider stones and so on laying them level and seeing that they rest firmly against each other all around and filling every crevice with cement above and below. When the hole is small enough set a big tile such as you see in the highway culverts—big enough to lower a man down through to clean the cistern, cement it to the stones and fill the rest of the well with dirt well tramped down. Or if the tile isn't handy build a light wall. Put an outlet pipe and ditch so as to keep the water below the arch. Pound two inches of broken stone into the bottom and plaster it over. A good cistern was made here by making a cemented partition wall in the cellar and plastering the cellar wall—built years before. The cellar bottom was merely plastered but this after some years gave out. Part of the bottom was taken out fine stone pounded in and grouted and plastered and for 20 years now it has held all right.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

WORMY APPLES

The codling moth causes wormy apples. The insect winters over as a full-grown caterpillar, in a cocoon that can be found in holes in the tree, under rough bark, and similar places. Clean out the holes and scrape the rough bark off the trunks collecting and burning it, so that the cocoons will be destroyed.

On the apple trees, on the small twigs, you will find shiny egg masses of a dark brown color. These will hatch out next spring into tent caterpillars. Cut off these twigs and burn them.

Another small caterpillar, ready to injure the apple tree next spring, can be killed by looking for the little dried-up cases of the apple leaf crumpler that will be found hanging from the ends of the twigs. Pick and burn them.

The tussock moths can also be readily distinguished now. The white tussock moth has white eggs, covered with a down-like material, that gives them a frothy appearance. These are found on fruit and ornamental trees.

The rusty tussock moth lays its eggs on leaves, masses of them without any covering, and as they are white, they can easily be distinguished. Collect and burn them.

This hunting insects and destroying them, together with cleaning out the holes, burning the prunings and other refuse material, will kill many other insects not described—such as the fall webworms, bagworm or aborvitae and the pistol-case bearer. The price of clean trees is constant vigilance, and now is the time to commence.

TEN RULES FOR SPRAYING

Spray celery with Bordeaux mixture, and later with an ammoniacal copper carbonate solution ((you can buy them ready for use), to prevent rust.

Add resin and fish oil to arsenical and other poisons to cause them to stick to cabbage and cauliflower plants.

Use a powder like or dust if seeking an easy way to keep potato bugs in check.

Spray grapes, raspberries and beans with Bordeaux mixture to prevent anthracnose.

Use ammoniacal copper carbonate solution when you want a substitute for Bordeaux mixture that will not stain.

To revenge yourself on the cutworm, use a little poisoned bait around each plant. Mix a teaspoonful of paris green with a cupful of bran.

Dust the gooseberry and currant bushes with hellebore as soon as the leaves appear and while wet with dew, to keep the currant worms in check. A second application will be needed a few weeks later. Hellebore may also be used in a solution with a small spray pump.

Do not use arsenate of lead (another effective remedy for currant worms) after the fruit begins to form.

Blame the curculio for the plums which fall early, which are punctured and show a spot of gum. Circumvent the curculio by ramming the trees early in the morning with a stout pole about the end of which burlap has been wrapped. Do this every few days for several weeks.

Kill the larvae of the codling moth (the cause of wormy apples) and prevent injury to the fruits from apple scab and bitter rot by spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture containing three pounds of arsenate of lead, as soon as the petals fall. Spray again every three or four weeks until the apples are ripe.—Suburban Life.

A SMOOTH FIELD

It worries the good farmer to see his neighbors plowing the fields round and round the same way year after year. He knows that by-and-by there will be deep furrows all over the farm, and all the while these might be avoided. How? Change the order of things this spring by going out into the center of the field where the dead furrow is and turning it full the first thing. Then go around instead of haw, as is usually done, plowing back to the place of beginning. Keep this up to the end and you will have no ditch in the middle, but a field that is nice and smooth and good to look upon. It may be a little awkward turning round to the right where one has always been in the habit of turning to the left, but you will soon get accustomed to it, and so will the horses.

GARDEN DRAINAGE

The garden soil for good results must be well drained; for the highest results it must be extra well drained, says the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean. Very few, if any, common garden plants will thrive in soil that remains water soaked for even a few days at a time. Air is as necessary for the roots of growing plants as it is for their leaves. When the soil becomes filled with water it pushes the air out and plants cease growing and often die simply because their roots suffer for want of oxygen.

Surface drainage is good, but under drainage is better. A surface ditch will carry off standing water at the top of the ground. An underground drain will perform the same work and also remove surplus and underground water and aerate the soil to the depth of the underground drain. This soil creation from below serves two purposes, one for supplying the roots of growing plants and the other for supplying air for disintegrating deep soil substances and liberating otherwise unavailable plant food, thus lowering the feeding area of plant roots.

Soil allowed to dry out without drainage does so by the water being evaporated at the surface. When a substance evaporates it produces cold in the process. Hence the more water that is allowed to evaporate at the surface of the soil the colder will the soil be. It is destrable to have a warm garden soil, especially so in early spring, and to secure this good drainage is imperative. Furthermore, the more air that is allowed to enter the soil in early spring the sooner and more rapid will decomposition of organic material take place, which produces soil warmth.

For effective garden drainage lay at least a five inch tile drain four to five feet deep through the entire garden. See that the drain has good fall and a proper outlet. If the garden is large lateral drains may be necessary to effectively drain and aerate the entire garden area. There is no danger of putting in too many drains or of using ones too large or of laying them too deep. The deeper drains are laid the greater area they will drain from, the deeper will be the possibilities of root feeding and the fewer drains there will be required. Whether the soil be naturally wet or not, it will pay to tile drain it simply for improving its physical condition. Well underdrained soil has an actual greater moisture holding capacity, strange as it may seem, than soil that is not so drained.

CONCERNING HOGS

A hog is a hog frequently because he is given no opportunity to be cleanly and decent. There are farmers who believe a hog would die if not allowed to wallow in mud and filth, while others are of the opinion that the hog should have plenty of clean water. The hog needs a great deal of water in hot weather, and if he cannot get it he will take mud as the nevt best thing. A hog rushes to a mudhole to cool off. He comes out and the mud dries on his skin. The next mud bath he takes adds another layer to that already dried on, and in a short time the pores of his skin are completely clogged with mud. Now, a hog cannot thrive with his pores all clogged up any better than a man. If a hog has access to a deep pool of water, as he shuold in hot weather, he will keep clean and thrive much more than if he lies around in a mud-hole made filthy by continued use. Most farmers who supply a bathing place for their hogs make them so shallow that they are soon converted into mudholes. On our farm we usually have from 30 to 50 pigs, and they have a pool of water fed by a stream, and it is deep enough for them to swim in. The sides are dug down sharply, and were laid with cobblestones for a distance of four or five feet from the pool's edge. The pool was always clean; we never have trouble with mange or lice, and when on two occasions cholera swept through the country our hogs were not affected. The hogs never used the pool unless the weather was extremely hot.

EARLY PLOWING

The value of early plowing as a means of destroying weeds especially rag weed, wild oats, artichokes, etc., is not appreciated fully by farmers. Similar weeds grow in a most discouraging manner, especially on low, moist land, during the summer, and in many instances take possession of the fields. They will appear on the scene next year, in multiplied numbers, if an effort is not made to destroy them this summer, which can best be done by early plowing.

The plow should be started in these weedy patches just as soon as the fields are cleared. Rag weeds are rank growing soil robbers which must not be permitted to ripen seed on any farm, but are now seen in corn fields, pastures and small grains in many sections. They are a special pest on some farms where careless methods of handling the soil have been employed. If such fields are plowed as early as possible the plants will be prevented from going to seed. King heads are now in possession of some very productive fields, and we believe this is due to spring plowing or no plowing, as such fields are often disked instead of plowed.

CONFINEMENT OF FOWLS

In the old days it was thought that hens should not be confined to the least extent, but people have come to think differently nowadays. The poultry books of a few years ago were full of recommendations to give hens plenty of room, advising 10 or 12 square feet or floor space per hen. In recent years this figure has dwindled down to three, four and five feet per hen. There is no doubt that ample space per hen is beneficial to an appreciable extent, but there are few commercial poultrymen who find it necessary to devote so much space as that. Experiments recently conducted have shown that a hen with five square feet of space, the latter showing evidences of congestion and inaction. As it is less expensive to build a low henhouse than a higher one, the former are more popular and by this means it is practical to give the hens more room.

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A dollar per month for six months will give you a share of stock which will earn for you about $60.00 in clean profit. The fact that we can offer you so much for so little is because Bulletin No. 53, published by the State Department of Peru, values the property on which The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation of Toledo, Ohio, own the controlling interests at $182,000,000.

Remember that a government does not print or publish misleading statements as this bulletin is issued for the benefit of the public at large.

Of course, if you have $10.00 to spare, it will earn for you on this basis $180.00 and you may pay it at the rate of $2.00 per month.

Write at once to the Secretary.

THOS. W. BUNNELL,

623 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

WHAT ANNA DID.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

IT had been some time since I had seen my story-writing friend long enough to engage him in a conversation. I knew he had been out of the city for a change of scene, and I knew, too, that with him his journey had been a tour of observation. He is always studying human nature, and, while he has a great sympathy for the sorrowing and suffering, he has also a never-ending, amiable amusement in human follies and a deep interest in any unusual character. He is not a descriptive writer. People, not things; passions and emotions, not objects are his themes.

Our conversations are always one-sided. He talks and I listen, only putting in a sentence now and then for the sake of keeping him going. He is not always in the mood for talking, but when he is, he makes even an ordinary incident interesting, so I was glad to meet him in the street one morning, and to accept his invitation to join him in the walk he was taking.

"I've been doing something that I seldom indulge in," he exclaimed. "I've been visiting."

Knowing his habit of observation, which, it should be said in justice, is without a tinge of curiosity, it was natural that I should ask, "What did you discover?"

He smiled at my question, understanding that I was expecting a story.

"Well," he said, deliberately, "I've been watching a woman try to be happy without having exactly what she wants. It's a queer game for happiness she's been playing. In a sense, she has come out the winner, having put in operation a philosophy which, for the present, helps her case. You do not know either the man or the woman, and, as I shall not give their real names, there will be no harm in telling the story."

"Is it a complication in hearts?" I inquired.

"Most stories are," he answered, since the heart beats keep alive the pulse of the world. We'll say the man's name is Arnold, and Anna the woman's. Anna means graciousness, you know, and in this case it means strength of character besides. They were both friends of mine before they were married, something like three years ago, and our friendship seems to have grown stronger. I have visited them twice. The first time was when they had been married scarcely a year. Arnold was about thirty, and Anna was, perhaps, two years younger, so you see they were at an age when it was safe to call them steadied, though, after they were married, of course, they had to go through the adjusting process before they could get used to the ways of each other.

"I was there while the process was going on, and I hadn't been there but a few days before I discovered Anna was doing the most suffering. Arnold hadn't seen the necessity of altering any of his ways, and it must be owned he is a little peculiar. He is of my profession, only he gets savage over his work, and when he's writing he should hoist a danger signal for the protection of the innocent.

"Anna couldn't understand his irritation when he was interrupted. He was at home much of the time, and, womanlike, she wanted to visit. She couldn't understand his silence and absorption when he was trying to plan something in his mind before he put it on paper. She didn't know that to be talked to at such moments scattered his ideas in a dozen different directions, forcing him to gather them up again, with, perhaps, the best ones missing. I have seen her shrink as if he had struck her when he looked at her with expressionless eyes, seeing her merely as an object, not as the woman he loved.

"Anna took it all as a personal matter, and hurt herself more by comparing his frequently cold manner with his tenderness and enthusiasm during their courtship and the early days of their marriage, before he had returned to the stern realities of work. Anna is, by no means, a child-woman. She was then, and she is now, all that the name Anna implies. She has a keen intellect and a well-balanced mind, only at the time of which I am speaking, she was absorbed in love, and that state is sometimes a little benumbing to the brain."

"Being a bachelor, of course, you know all about it," I remarked with mild sarcasm.

"Judging from observation, such is my belief," he answered, good-humoredly. "Do you want the rest of the story, or aren't you interested?" he questioned.

"Yes, I want to hear it all and find out what Anna did," I answered.

"Well," he went on, "Anna wasted considerable force in trying to get from Arnold what she wanted. She lost her bloom and grew pale and thin from the worry of it, and all the while he was unconscious that he was making her unhappy. When he finished a piece of work, and before he began another, he was filled with an exhilaration that made him act like a boy. During his play spells there could be no fault found with him for lack of devotion to Anna. The world looked bright to her when he relaxed the tension, but as soon as he was at work again, it was as if he entrenched himself behind a wall, which, though invisible, was impenetrable.

"Doubtless she bothered him a good deal. He was uppermost in her mind, and all of her thought was for Arnold. She wanted to tell him how much he was to her, and to hear him say the same thing regarding her in return. Sometimes she urged this at an inopportune moment, and she might as well have been talking to the face of a clock for all the response she received.

"I knew that in Arnold's mind there was nothing except his work and Anna, but she fancied that he wanted her only for his lighter moments, and she felt humiliated. She undertook the difficult task of trying to understand him so that she might fit in with his moods, but the task was beyond her because she believed him more complex than he was, or is, for that matter. She embarrassed him by asking him to explain himself. Arnold did not think he was a problem that required a solution, and he had a dislike for self-explanation, so he always managed to evade it.

It was a situation where the man thought everything was all right, while the woman by his side was sure everything was all wrong. Anna's chief motive was to make Arnold happy, but she did not in the least realize there was no reason for extra effort. Being herself was sufficient for Arnold's happiness. He did not expect her to make herself over, as he thought she was very nearly perfect. Anna was too terribly in earnest to take a calm view of the situation, and she made herself wretched with false imaginings.

"There was really little cause for her disturbance. It was true, Arnold withdrew from everyone when he was at work, and was obstreperous if he was interfered with, but this did not mean he had lost his love for his wife. If she could have laughed at him and left him alone until he came back to earth she would have saved herself much misery. It was pitiful to me to see a woman who had every reason to be proud of herself, struggling to put herself in bondage, and agonizing because she could not succeed. I couldn't work out her destiny, but knowing her quality I felt sure she would get herself in hand sooner or later and reach a clearer understanding.

"I told her when I was leaving at the end of my first visit that she was taking married life too seriously."

"'But I can't understand Arnold,' she protested, as if it were a tragedy.

"'He doesn't need understanding,' I assured her. 'Take him as a man, not as an enigma.'

"She was not ready to be convinced, so there was no use in wasting words, but I cheered her up considerably by telling her that Arnold thought she could not be equalled

"This time when I went to make them a visit, I found a great change in Anna. Everything about her is in good, working order. Her step is buoyant, and she carries her head erect When I was there before, she was drooping—did you ever notice how dejected a woman's shoulders look when she is drooping?—and she had an air of timidity that did not fit the real Anna. Now, she is fearless. There is no disagreeable assertiveness, understand, she is just fearless, and fronts life unafraid. I know she has herself well in hand and has done with false imaginings. Arnold is unch

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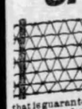

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Pat the Horse's Forehead.

New York Sun.

"Not many people know how to pet a horse—that is, from a horse's standpoint," said the driver of one of the big trucks that brings rolls of paper to The Sun office.

"Every nice looking sleek horse comes in for a good deal of petting," he went on, as one of the big grays rubbed his muzzle anxiously against the truckman's sleeve. "Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find at half the men, women and children passing along will stop for a minute and give him an affectionate pat or two.

"That is especially true along Park Row during the noon hour. The trouble is that they don't pat him in the right place.

"If you want to make a horse think he is going to the equine paradise rub him over his eyes. Next to that form of entertainment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people neglect those nerve centers, stroke the horse's nose.

"While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does not know how to pet a horse and is surprised when a horse throws back his ears and acts peevish; but let a person come along who was brought up in the country and knows the horse and his peculiar ways, and he will pet the animal by rubbing him between the ears, directly over the eyes."

Three-fourth Man Wants Office.

New York World.

John H. Rice, a man with one leg, is running or hopping for election as constable in North Hempstead. He was nominated by the Democrats by mistake for his brother. Although the one-legged man has but one arm, he won't let go of the other chance has given him because, although he has only one eye, he can see that it is his one opportunity in a lifetime to serve the public in an official capacity.

The man who was slated for the job was Howard Rice, a former deputy sheriff of Nassau county, who had the backing of Payne Whitney and the villa population. But the name of John H. Rice, his brother, who is a hack driver at the Great Neck depot, was put before the convention on Saturday night by friends, who said that the "H" stood for Howard and that he was really the man wanted. After all the red tape of nominating a man had been wound up so tight the nominators didn't know how to unwind it.

Debtor's Court of Pickwick's Time.

London Daily News.

Bit by bit the London of Dickens, known to many almost better than the London of today, is disappearing. The Fleet Prison went long ago, but the lofty room, ill lighted and worse ventilated, situated in Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields," familiar to all who know that "Pickwick," has survived till now. Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller knew it as the Insolvent Debtors Court.

After a period of service as the Bankruptcy Court it has in later days figured as the Westminster County Court. Today its chapter too was closed. After a week's interval for moving the books and documents the court will be held in the new premises in St. Martin's lane, and the old building vanishes, to make room for an extension of the Land Registry office. Within a stone's throw, however, the Old Curiosity shop still maintains its anachronistic existence.

Don't Wear A Truss

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Made a New Discovery for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

Costs You Nothing To Try It.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I make my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my book on Rupture and its cure, showing my new discovery and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies. I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time, whether you try my discovery or not.

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C. E. BROOKS, 226 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper full information of your new discovery for the cure of rupture.

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Dark Cloisters of Westminster.

London Daily News.

When parliament reassembles a question will, I am informed, be addressed to the first commissioner of works regarding the chapel of the Pyx in the dark cloisters of Westminster Abbey. This ancient vaulted chamber, the opening of which to the public has been often rumored in recent years, was formerly the depository of the regalia of the Scottish kings. Some time ago it was thoroughly cleaned out and the electric light installed. In the lumber removed were many of the old tally sticks with which the national accounts were at one time kept, the immoderate burning of which in a small stove led to the conflagration which consumed the houses of parliament early in the last century.

Another apartment—mistakenly called the Monk's Cell—close to the historic chapel, has also been cleaned out, and it is suggested that this and the other vaults might be used for the exhibition of relics associated with this interesting quarter of the abbey. These include a stone altar, a stone coffin, and some fifteenth figures of Henry V and Queen Elizabeth. The Pyx chamber has from time immemorial remained in the exclusive possession of the crown, and its massive door, on the inside of which some fragments of human flesh were at one time to be seen, can only be opened by the officers of the government for the time being.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Wouldn't Sell to Woodruff.

Herkimer Dispatch to New York World.

Timothy Woodruff, chairman of the Republican state committee, outbound recently from his preserve in the Adirondack woods with three guests, left Raquette lake, on the little branch to Clearwater, there to get a main line train for New York. Through a wreck the train was halted at Eagle bay, with a weary wait of many hours ahead.

Mr. Woodruff thinks that the man with a sleigh and pair of horses, to whom he offered $25 to take his party to Old Forge, must have been a very offensive Democratic partisan, for he promptly and with some heat declined the job, although evidently needing the money.

"I'll buy your horses," said Mr. Woodruff, offering the man several times the value of the horses and sleigh.

"Your money can't buy this team," replied the disgruntled mountaineer, "I will not sell to you."

Mr. Woodruff was angry. He sought in vain for a rig, and finally he and his friends started off, grips in hand, and without overshoes, over a road ankle deep in cold slush. A mile of this was enough for them, and they returned to Eagle bay, took a train back to Raquette lake, where they remained overnight and made a fresh start in the morning.

Dr. Eliot's Southern Tour.

Baltimore American.

"I will venture to assert that the tour of the South made by the learned and philosophical president of Harvard, Dr. Eliot, has been a revelation to him," said Prof. A. W. Lane, formerly of Tulane University, New Orleans, at the Hotel Stafford.

"Dr. Eliot, of course, knew that the South had made good headway in education since reconstruction times, but he was probably unprepared to find so much interest in intellectual development and so many institutions of high grade. The time is coming when the South is going to be the home of great men of letters as well as of practical deeds. Here in Baltimore, which will always be the foremost city of the South, Johns Hopkins is a center of learning and mental achievement that has given it world-wide fame. There is not a state south of Mason and Dixon's line where the masses are not aroused to the necessity of good schools, and Dr. Eliot truly says that in this respect the progress of the South in the past few years has been greater than that of any other portion of the Union."

A 735-Pound Sturgeon.

London Daily Mail.

A female sturgeon of great size was caught by the steam trawler Rhodesia on Sunday 280 miles northeast of the Nore lightship. Its length was 11 feet 4 inches, its girth 5 feet 4 inches, and its weight 735 pounds. The last sturgeon approaching this one in size of which there is record was taken in July, 1905, and weighed 562 pounds.

At one time the sturgeon was considered so great a delicacy that all taken in the Thames belonged by royal prerogative to the sovereign, hence the designation of the "royal sturgeon." Up to about 60 years ago sturgeon were frequently caught in the Thames, and at the beginning of the last century one was taken from the river as far up as London bridge.

Corn.

Corn Reporter.

People often wonder, particularly those who have traveled for hundreds of miles through the corn belt, what becomes of corn which is grown every year. In the year 1908, when the total crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels, 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in flour and grist mill products, 8,000,000 bushels in the manufacture of starch, 9,000,000 for malt liquors, 17,000,000 bushels in the production of distilled liquors, 40,000,000 for glucose, 190,000,000 for export, and 13,000,000 for seed, making a total of 518,000,000 bushels, or 19.3 per cent of the entire crop. The remaining 80.7 per cent or 2,148,000,000 bushels, seems to have been used almost entirely for feeding purposes.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LAUNCHING SHIPS

How are vessels launched? Are any built in drydocks and then floated out by allowing the water to enter the dock?—J. L. R., Los Olivos, Cal.

We presume that many vessels are launched by means of the drydock. The launching of a ship is a delicate operation. Two parallel inclined platforms of solid timber are laid, one on each side of the keel, at the distance of a few feet from it and extending from the stem as far below the stern as can be reached at low water. In this position they are carefully and firmly blocked and supported throughout their length. This double platform is called the ways. A second system of timber is loosely laid on it and well greased between. The space from these last to the ship's bottom is everywhere filled with wedges of soft wood, fashioned to its curves. The extremities of the cradle at the bow and stern are bound tightly across the keel with chains or ropes, and it is further kept from spreading by stout moldings, which overlap the outer edges of the ways. When the rising tide has reached well up the wedges are simultaneously driven on every side and the ship is raised from the blocks on which she has hitherto rested and made to repose entirely on the cradle. The shores are all removed except the two spurs or dog shores near the stem, and when the proper moment arrives these are also knocked away by falling weights, the rope holding up which is cut when all is ready. The vessel being abandoned to her weight and encouraged by the yielding of the grease, begins to fall slowly along the inclined plane, her motion becoming at each moment more and more rapid until it floats into the water.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Please give the history of the life of Booker T. Washington.—O. J. V., Moultrie, O.

Booker Taliaferro Washington, the American negro educator, was born near Hale's Ford, Franklin county, Va., about 1858. After the civil war he went to Malden, W. Va., where he worked, first in a salt furnace and afterward in a coal mine. He obtained some education at the night school there. He entered the Hampton Normal and Agricultural institute in 1872, studying there three years. He then taught school for two years at Malden, afterward entering the Wayland seminary, at Washington, D. C., for further study. In 1878 he was made an instructor at Hampton. He had charge of the work of the Indian pupils, then being experimentally introduced into the institution, and established the night school as a regular and successful feature of the institute. The citizens of Tuskegee, Ala., applied to Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, to start at that place an institution on the plan of Hampton. In 1881 Washington was selected by Armetrong for the purpose of starting the institution. The state legislature had granted an appropriation for the annual payment of the teachers' salaries, but the school existed in name only, being without land, buildings or credit. Washington, with himself as the only instructor, opened the school with an enrollment of 30 in an old church and shanty. Later he purchased a plantation about a mile from Tuskegee and the moved the school thither to its present site. In 1902 the institution had 112 officers and instructors, 1,384 students and an income of $341,000. Its development is generally due to Washington. Washington is well known as a forceful public speaker.

THE WABASH RIVER

Please give a description of the Wabash river.—P. J. L., Southworth, O.

The Wabash river rises in the western part of Ohio, flows northwest until it enters Indiana, where it takes an almost westerly court to Logansport, then it flows southwest to Covington, in Fountain county, then nearly south to the Ohio river. For about 120 miles of its lower course it forms a boundary between Indiana and Illinois. The length of the river is about 555 miles. It is the largest tributary of the Ohio, entering it from the north. The Wabash is navigable to Covington, about 300 miles, and, when the water is high, to Lafayette.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Please give a full description of the Washington monument.—L. S., Grand River, Ia.

The Washington monument is a white obelisk, 555 feet high and 55 feet square at the base with walls 15 feet thick. The exterior is of crystal Maryland marble and the interior is lined with carved tablets, the gift of many countries and states. The corner stone of the monument was laid with Masonic ceremonies July 4, 1848. The work proceeded until 1854, when the funds, which had hitherto been provided by private subscription, were exhausted. In 1880 work was resumed by the government, and completed in 1884, the entire cost being $1,200,000. The monument is the loftiest structure in the world except the Eiffel tower in Paris. Access to the top can be had by a stairway of 800 steps or by an elevator. These are in the interior, which is lighted by electricity.

CAIUS OCTAVIUS

Please give a sketch of the life of Octavius the famous Roman.—K. H., Adams, Ind.

Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus, originally caled Caius Octavius, the celebrated Roman emperor, was born in 63 B. C., and died in 14 A. D. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Atia, a daughter of Julia, a sister of Julius Caesar. The father of Octavius had been a senator and a civil and military officer in Macedonia. His father died when Octavius was young, but his mother and her second husband brought him up well. Julius Caesar regarded him with favor. Octavius was studying under the renowned Apollodorus, when he received the news of the tragical death of his uncle and of his having adopted him as his son. He then went to the city of Brundusium where he was saluted as the heir and avenger of Caesar. He made his adoption publicly known and took the name of his uncle, adding to it that of Octavianus. He then went to Rome where there were two parties, that of the republicans, who had killed Caesar, and that of Antony and Lepidus, who, under the pretense of avenging him, strove to establish their own authority. A union was effected between Antony, Lepidus and Octavianus. They formed a triumvirate, and, at the head of a large army, managed to defeat Brutus and Cassius. After many troubles Lepidus lost all of his power, and Antony and Octavianus divided the empire between themselves. Antony, who was in the East, gave himself up to a life of luxury while Octavianus strived to make himself sole master of the world. As he advanced farther in the affections of the people so his enmity for Antony increased. By making public a will, wherein his rival appointed his sons by Cleopatra his heirs, he stirred up the ill-will of the Romans against him. Octavianus then declared war against the queen of Egypt. A naval victory in 31 B. C. made Octavianus master of the world. He pursued his rival to Egypt, and ended the war, after rejecting the proposal of Antony to settle their differences by a personal combat. Cleopatra and Antony then killed themselves. He then spent two years in the East adjusting affairs. After coming back to Rome he established general peace throughout his possessions.

At the end of his seventh consulship, he entered the senate house, and declared his resolution to lay down his power. The senate besought him to retain it so that he yielded to their entreaties. He now obtained the surname of Augustus. He conducted many wars in Africa, Asia, Gaul and Spain, after which he established peace throughout the empire he closed the temple of Janus. He did many things for the Romans improving the empire. They honored him by naming the month of August for him. His increasing infirmities compelled him to go to Campania, where he hoped the purer air would help him. This it did not do and he died in his 79th year.

WYOMING

Please tell what you can concerning the soil and climate of Wyoming.—G. G.

Some parts of Wyoming are mountainous with plains here and there. The eastern part is hilly with a few plains. The soil of nearly all the river valleys is a dark loam, and is very fertile. On the higher lands and the lower mountain slopes there is a sandy loam, some of which is productive, but irrigation is necessary. In the Red Desert of the southwest the saline deposits have rendered the soil almost unfit to support any but its lowest forms of vegetation. Greasewood and salt-sage are the chief forms of vegetation found there.

In Wyoming the extremes of temperature exist for a short period each year. The maximum is 116 degrees above zero and the minimum 44 degrees below zero. These extremes are rare. The highest generally is 100 degrees and the lowest 30 degrees below zero. As the atmosphere is dry the extreme cold is not severe. The greatest amount of rainfall is between March and June. As the snowfall is light, irrigation is necessary to raise crops except along the rivers. The state is free from all conditions, which tend to unhealthfulness, especially malaria and kindred diseases.

WILLIAM F. DRANNAN

Editor of the Question Bureau: I send you a sketch of William F. Drannan, chief of scouts, which was asked for recently.—J. T. W., Crosby, N. D.

Wm. F. Drannan was born January 30, 1832, on the Atlantic ocean. His parents were French and he was born while they were on the way to America. They settled near Nashville, Tenn. In 1836 both of his parents died of cholera and young Drannan was adopted by a man named Drake who kept him until he was 15 years of age. He received no education while a boy. Drannan was so abused by an old negro woman that he ran away to St. Louis. He walked the entire journey, and it took him six weeks to reach his destination. While unsuccessfully looking for work he met Kit Carson, who liked him. Carson informally adopted him and kept him until he was 21 years of age. Drannan hunted and trapped with Carson during this time. He accompanied Carson to western Utah when Fremont undertook his second trip. Later Drannan went with Jim Beckwith to California. Beckwith recommended him to Colonel Elliott as a scout. He worked with Elliott in Nevada and was so good that he was made chief of scouts, which position he held for two years. The second year he was severely wounded by an Indian. He was wounded a second time the following year while scouting in southern Oregon. For the following few years he was a trapper, trader and guide. At Salt Lake City he was made chief of scouts under General Connor. In 1865 he piloted a wagon train to Oregon and to Arizona, where he was chief of scouts for two years under General Crook. Afterwards Drannan went to California, where he engaged in ranching for five years, but failed. He then tried raising horses, but the Modoc war broke out and he again became a scout and captured the famous Captain Jack. After this war ceased he went to Arizona and continued to serve as a scout for two years. Drannan undertook ranching again with better success than before, but after three years he went for one season to Alaska, where he hunted seals. Later he became the proprietor of a hotel in Seattle, but was burned out in two years, leaving him in reduced circumstances. In 1899 he removed to Moscow, Idaho, where he wrote his autobiography, having been taught to read by a trapper when he was 18 years old.

EUGENIE

Please give a brief biography of Eugenie, the former empress of France.—A. C. S., Howard Lake, Minn.

Eugenie was born in Granada, Spain, May 5, 1826. Her father was the Count de Montijo, and was of a noble Spanish family; her mother was of Scotch extraction, her maiden being Kirkpatrick. On January 29, 1853, she became the wife of Napoleon III., emperor of the French. When the war broke out with Germany she was appointed regent in the absence of the emperor. But on September 4, 1870, the revolution forced her to flee from France. She went to England, where she was joined by the prince imperial and later by her husband. They resided at Camden House, Chiselhurst. On January, 9, 1873, the emperor died, and six years later her son was slain while with the British army in the Zulu war. In 1881 she transferred her residence to Farnborough, Hampshire, where she is living at the present time.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

Please give a sketch of the life of Sir Leslie Stephen.—H. B., Theressa, Fla.

Sir Leslie Stephen, the English biographer and essayist, was born November 28, 1832, and died February 28, 1904. He was educated at Eaton and Cambridge, and from 1883 to 1884 he was Clark lecturer on English literature at Cambridge. He was the editor of The Cornhill Magazine from 1871 to 1882, and in the last named year became editor of The Dictionary of National Biography, which position he held for nine years, but continued to contribute to it till the work was completed, writing in all 378 biographies, an amount equal to three entire volumes, and practically covering in the list the literary history of the 18th and 19th centuries. He was a warm friend of James Russell Lowell. At the close of the civil war he accomplished a great deal toward clearing away prejudice and misunderstandings between America and England in a pamphlet which contained a strong arraignment of the London Times during the four years of the war. His first wife, the youngest daughter of Thackeray, died in 1875. In 1902 he was knighted.

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers
Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.
Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them. And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear what is said, as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries the sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the sound ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a clock strike can now hear that same clock tick anywhere in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured (even after ear doctors have given up the case) by the use of these comfortable little ear-rosters and sound magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Salesmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 236,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co. 382 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

If You Have RHEUMATISM

sign and mail this coupon to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. W. B. 15, Jackson, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Return mail will bring you a $1 Pair of **Magic Foot Drafts** to try **Free.** Read below.

Upon receipt of above coupon we will send you by return mail, prepaid, a regular $1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, Michigan's Great External Cure for **Rheumatism** of every kind—**chronic** or **acute**—**Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago,** or **Gout.** No matter where the pain or how severe. Then, and only after you have given them a thorough trial and are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. **You decide** and we take your word.

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts have been sent on approval to many hundreds of thousands, and no one paid us a cent until after trying them. Isn't this evidence that the Drafts are a remarkably certain cure?

Surely you cannot go on suffering when such a cure will be sent you to Try Free for simply mailing the above coupon. They are curing even old chronics of 30 and 40 years' suffering. Will you try them? Then just mail the coupon with your full address to Magic Foot Draft Co., W. B. 15, Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only the coupon. Write today.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. B. W., Clinton, Mich.: Horse radish goes to seed but it is much better to plant it by the root.

D. S., Flatwoods, Va.: Sunday schools were first founded in Gloucester, England, 1781, by Robert Raikes.

H. R., Clay, W. Va.: Typesetting machines, both monotype and linotype, are used in the government office. The Congressional Record is set by machines.

E. R. K., Farragut, Ia.: Write to the librarian of congress.

M. F., Decatur, Ind., and H. F., Onondaga, Mich.: Your questions were answered in these columns within the last few weeks.

S. B., West Fork, W. Va.: The Bureau cannot answer your question.

H. W. H., Lewisport, Ky.: We will again answer this question. The President's salary is $75,000; the Vice-President's, $15,000; Congressmen, $7,500; United States associate justices, $12,500; and the chief justice, $13,000.

C. F., Mickleville, Va.: Write to the fourth assistant postmaster general at Washington, D. C.

A. W. O., Dunns, W. Va.: The Indians of Oklahoma are not under tribal government. Under certain conditions they may vote.

I. W. A., New Antioch, O.: The Squirrel Hunters are not the same as Morgan's raiders. The former were pensioned, the latter were confederates.

R. C. M., Golden Pond, Ky.: There is government in Arkansas. Write to one of the land offices there, either at Camden, Dardanelle, Harrison or Little Rock.

M. T. O., Athens, Pa.: The wife of President Taft belongs to the Episcopal church.

U. B. V., Springville, Utah: A suffragette is a name used in England. Their suffragettes are the same as our advocates of woman suffrage.

D. S., Starksboro, Vt.: The phrase, "Watch Dog of the Treasury" has been applied to many men at various times. As to when it originated the Bureau is unable to say.

M. D., Schoolcraft, Mich.: George Dewey was born in Montpelier, Vermont, and he now lives in Washington, D. C.

Portland City of Roses.

Baltimore American.

"Portland is well named the City of Roses, for when it comes to a floral display it has every other town in this great nation beaten to a standstill," remarked Mr. F. C. Savage, of the Oregon metropolis, at the Rennert.

"Los Angeles prides itself on its mid-winter rose carnival, but it is a tame and poor spectacle alongside of the fiesta of the same kind that Portland gives during the first week in June. Roses! roses! roses! Acres of them, miles of them in one glorious, gorgeous riot of color and sweet smell, until the visitor is almost bewildered at their profusion. The sidewalks are burdened with them for an interminable stretch of blocks, but no vandal hand stretches forth to pluck a single flower. Even the school children can be trusted not to molest them. During this week of the glorification of the rose people come from all over the country to join in the celebration. Last year the city spent $100,000 in pageants and parades, but next June we will go considerably beyond that amount, for this pretty custom is getting to be a big thing, and is apt to become the Mardi Gras of the Pacific slope."

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him, at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years in search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Old-Time Sea Food.

London Standard.

A glance at the fish shops today arouses the reflection that one could have fasted with far more variety in the Middle Ages. Where is now the whale of yesteryear, that was roasted and served up on the spit, or boiled with peas, the tongue and tail being the choicest parts? The porpoise, too, was a royal dish, roasted whole and eaten with mustard, when Henry VII was king, and so was the lamprey or sea-wolf. The lamprey, after its one dramatic and regicidal performance, seems to have lost its popularity; and nobody nowadays is anxious to eat the limpet. Many fish, however, seem to have endured throughout the ages, such as the sprat and herring, eaten especially in Lent; the oyster (officially a fish), cooked in wine for breakfast; and the anchovy, sternly anathematised by old Tobias Venner in 1620 as "food for drunkards."

Use of the Telephone in Austria.

Vienna Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Telephone calls in Austria fell off in 1908 come thirty millions below the figues of the preceding year. The postoffice officials are quite unable to account for such a decrease in the number of conversations over the telephone—the more so as the service is taxed to the utmost and new cables are being laid all the time.

No doubt some part of the decrease was due to the fact that in connection with the introduction of a higher scale for the telephone subscribers' calls were being counted in order to decide into which class they were to be put.

Of the 154,000,000 calls in all Austria, 87,000,000 were in lower Austria, which includes Vienna. Dalmatia came at the bottom of the list with 127,000 calls. The Vienna telephone service is by no means bad, the proportion of wrong connections made being below 2 per cent—a very fair showing.

Tips Bellboys With Opals.

Philadelphia North American.

When Edward Park, "the opal king," who arrived at the Bellevue-Stratford Wednesday night, finished the ceremony of registering by presenting the clerk with an unset opal and tipped the bellboys with semiprecious stones from the bags which he carried in his bulging pockets, it caused almost as much excitement as though Scotty, the Death Valley spender, had got back on the job.

Pressed for an explanation of his whimsical tips, Mr. Park explained that he was a New York banker, and had been in Mexico for two months seeking privileges for public service corporations. During that time he had picked up a lot of Mexican gems to give to his friends when he got back.

From each of his pockets he pulled bags which seemed to be nearly full of the stones. The hotel management was so impressed with the necessity of guarding the treasure-laden guest that a detective was assigned to follow him about the hotel all evening. He refused to put his burden in the safe.

A $—Dollar for a Dime

Why spend a dollar when 10c buys a box of CASCARETS at any drug store? Use as directed—get the natural, easy result. Saves many dollars *wasted* on medicines that do not cure. Millions regularly use CASCARETS. Buy a box now—10c week's treatment—proof in the morning. 906

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Soft Times and Their Peril.

Great and shining as are many of the characteristics of this present day Christian church, it can scarcely be denied that the church was hardier in earlier days. The soil of the twentieth century has seemed to be too soft and rich for the cultivation of the sturdiest of Christian virtues. Thoughtful observers must have a concern for our own time in this particular. Such a multiplicity of pleasures and diversions and petty interests environ the average life that there is no time left for a calm contemplation of the ancient ideals which have ever made existence most glorious. Men and women are so engrossed in the whirl of the day's complicated social machinery that they cannot pause to consider the great dreams which have ever uplifted the individual spirit and the race. The newspaper readers of today—for most of us read newspapers instead of the big books—seldom sit down to meditate upon the changeless verities which alone make life worth while. Our times have enervated the people.

All the while it abides as a truth that the great goals still exist in all their brightness and beauty and worth. Love is still love, duty is still duty, honor is still honor, faith is still faith, friendship is still friendship, patriotism is still patriotism, self-sacrifice for human service is still as noble as ever it was in the storied days of old. All the magic words of romance retain their power to transform existence. The goals of the golden age still shine in front of the present day. There never was a time more favorable for chivalrous, romantic and knightly living than this time in which we live. True, we give hero medals nowadays to everybody who may come under the eye of the right observer; but a race of heroes are not made by the distribution of hero medals. Only the inculcation of heroic ideals as the basic truths of character can elevate the race up to the plane of brave living. Simon Peter, and all the host of heroes of whom he was one, are still better servants of the aims of chivalry than all our modern prize package methods.

An Underground Religious Refuge.

Before this scene in the New Testament story opens, the church had been at peace. Harried and hunted for a time, it had been given respite, and in this period of calm and sunshine it still prosp

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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MARCH PREMIUM WATCH.

Clyde E. Cushman, of Perrinton, Mich., is the winner of The Blade's premium watch offer for the month of March. Mr. Cushman sent us a club of 106 names.

Crazy Snake, it would seem, is contrary to the Oklahoma constitution.

Mr. Bryan says he is growing younger every day. Politics certainly agrees with that man.

The man who says he can either drink or let it alone doesn't always vote the way he talks.

"All is lost save honor," says Castro. Talks like a Democrat the day after a Republican landslide.

General Miles seems to feel that no friend of his would be guilty of shooting a white rhinoceros.

The suffragettes should make a note of the fact that a New York woman was electrocuted, just like a man.

The Russian woman who killed three hundred husbands will have to be classed as a very earnest man hater.

It seems that there are a few Indians in the country so impatient they can't wait to be wiped out by tuberculosis.

Septuagenarian Weston has made the important discovery that his feet are not as young as they used to be.

Kisses may be intoxicating, as some argue, but it is not probable that whole counties will ever vote dry on the proposition.

Reno, Nevada, has suddenly become headquarters for men and women who can afford the luxury of a divorce.

Once more somebody declares "poets are born, not made." But it is no use. People will continue to blame them just the same.

"An Oklahoma citizen had a surgeon cut a collar button from his appendix." He could have purchased another at much less expense.

It must be a great comfort to a man to sit down and write a thrilling story of how he made his first one hundred million dollars.

Mrs. Hetty Green has gone to live with her daughter. That probably means the end of the honeymoon for Sylvia and her husband.

With the price of eggs within the limits of reason, the hen is entitled to some of the affection we are inclined to lavish on the early robin.

Mr. Roosevelt was given a grand send-off at Gibraltar. They even took the insurance advertisement off the big rock in honor of his visit.

Mrs. Boyle, in the Pennsylvania jail, is to be given "all the comforts of home." Not quite all, however. She will have no children to caress.

A New York milliner "never saw a suffragette who wore a becoming hat." That may be because suffragettes can't keep 'em on straight.

The congressman who introduced a bill to cut salaries from $7,500 to $5,000 must hope to succeed J. Adam Bede as the humorist of the house.

A Kansas man quarreled with his wife, then went out to the barn and committed suicide. Thus he left her the sweetly solemn thought that goes with the last word.

It is probably too late now, but Crazy Snake might have gone into Oklahoma politics and made a success as the father of a nine-foot bedsheet law, or something of that kind.

During the last century, according to the figures, the birthrate in the United States has fallen in a surprising degree. What is to be done? It will not remedy matters to blame the neighbors.

The Dakota girl who got the big prize in the late government land drawing has let it become known that she does not want a husband. Thinks she will have all she can do to manage the farm.

After Oklahoma went to the trouble of legislating the Indian cigar signs out of existence, the Red Men within her borders might have had the decency to reciprocate the state's tender emotions.

Every man of mature judgment and sound mind will reserve the right to kick on the new tariff bill, even though he may have received a few packages of garden seeds from his favorite statesman.

Eugene V. Debs says he is not satisfied the way things are run in this world. And yet it is a pretty good world to 'Gene. He is permitted to run for president every four years and no questions asked.

President Taft is sure to have his critics sooner or later. Look out for some patriot to come forward with the suggestion that the cow on the White House lot is a menace to the palladium of liberty.

Nearly every joke comes true, sooner or later. The Atlanta man who fell in love with a young widow's biscuits, and then married the young widow, has passed on. "Acute indigestion" was written on his death certificate.

FIGHTING THE OPIUM TRADE.

A reform, somewhat belated but giving promise of great good, is that undertaken by the government to break up the opium traffic. The law pasesd by congress virtually takes the regulation of opium sale out of the hands of the states and the municipalities.

No opium, hereafter, can be imported except for medicinal purposes. A quality of the drug known as "smoking" will be forbidden sale in the United States altogether. Collectors must be given the fullest assurance that the article at customs depots is intended for alleviating pain, otherwise it will be seized and destroyed. Fines ranging from $50 to $5,000 are provided and imprisonment not to exceed two years, or both.

The law is of particular benefit, since it makes the United States authorities watchful for the appearance of opium in other hands than druggists and doctors. Wherever evidence is found of sale to "fiends" it becomes the duty of marshals and deputies to pursue the guilty.

Inasmuch as the cities have enforced their regulations only spasmodically and with nothing like system it is just as well that the government is stepping in. The increase in the number of victims of drug habits is alarming. Sooner or later it was inevitable that an organized effort would have to be made to stop a trade causing such evil.

JOHN D. AND BUSINESS.

"I am not a prophet, or the son of a prophet," says John D. Rockefeller. But whatever he remarks about the business situation will be accepted by most persons about as close to soothsaying as it is possible to get in an inexact science. In the April issue of World's Work, Mr. Rockefeller closed some random reminiscences with this comment on the present conditions:

I hesitate to speak on the subject, since I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but as to the ultimate outcome there is, of course, no doubt. This temporary setback will lead to safer institutions and more conservative management on the part of everyone, and this is a quality we need. It will not long depress our spirit of initiative. The country's resources have not been cut down nor injured by financial distrust. A gradual recovery will only tend to make the future the more secure and patience is a virtue in busines affairs as in other things.

Several months before the panic of 1907 broke Mr. Rockefeller was advising the trimming of sails. He saw the storm coming before most business men would believe it anywhere in the same latitude. His statement may be taken as evidence that he beholds the rapid return to prosperity. His caution is typical, but this is certain; unless he saw signs of renewed confidence he would say nothing at all.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Who is boss of the house? Is there anyone who has doubted who it is? Yet down in New Jersey, it required a set of lawyers, a referee and a justice to decide the question.

Of all the loose ends of life, the problems left over from the centuries, the bickerings and differences, the futilities and uncertainties, surely there is none more surprising than this. For it shows that woman has been taking an advantage not hitherto sanctioned by the law. And man has meekly accepted the lowlier position in the household, although there was no precedent more binding than custom. For the first time he has been legally put in his place. He has as much reason to lament the past and its lost opportunities as he who complained the other day that he could have traded a spavined mule for a lot in Scottwood avenue and spurned the chance.

BIG FAMILIES.

The census bureau has been comparing the population statistics of 1790 with those of 1900. It has found that the average size of the families in the first enumeration of the republic was 5.8 persons, the variation ranging from 5.4 in Georgia to 6.4 in Maryland. In 1900 the average for the era enumerated in 1790 was 4.6, from 4.1 in a number of states to 5.1 in North Carolina.

Had the number of persons who composed the total number of private families in 1900 been grouped according to the average size shown in 1790, there would have been 3,307,000 less households than were actually reported. Had the average size of such families in 1900 been as large as the average shown in 1790, the population would have been increased by nearly 20 million persons.

Many considerations are left out of this calculation, the greater chances for living, the noticeable reduction in infant mortality, the extension of the average life of the individual, the conquest of once virulent diseases and so forth.

While we possibly voice a heresy, we cannot see but the smaller family of 1900 is a distinct advantage over the family of 1790. Sometimes there is a wide vein of foolish twaddle in the lectures of those who plead for the spreading of the benefits and the attention among six children that are given to two.

THE TWO SIDES.

The tariff question has its confusing hours with those who profit directly by the protection as well as with the consumer who sometimes sees and sometimes fails altogether to see the benefits brought him. An example is that of Charles M. Schwab, who wrote to Henry C. Frick in May, 1899:

As to the future, even on low prices, I am most sanguine. I know positively that England cannot produce pig iron at actual cost for less than $11.50 per ton, even allowing no profit on raw materials, and cannot put pig iron into rails, with their most efficient works, for less than $7.50 per ton. This would make rails a net cost to them of $19. We can sell at this price and ship abroad so as to net us $16 at works for foreign business, nearly as good as home business has been.

You know we can make rails for less than $12 per ton, leaving a nice margin on foreign business. Besides this foreign coasts are going to increase year by year because they have not the raw materials, while ours are going to decrease.

When Mr. Schwab was shown this letter at the tariff hearings, in December last, he said that he had written it as "an enthusiastic and optimistic young man seeking preferment in a great company." He considered now that the duty on steel products was imperative to the prosperity of the steel industry of this country.

The enthusiasm and optimism of Mr. Schwab's youth was providentially restored to him last Saturday. Said he:

I believe in a reduction. I feel just as Andrew Carnegie does on that matter. In my estimation American steel can stand all cuts in tariff that are made. American labor can make the best steel in the world and with it we can compete with the world. We have nothing to fear by a cut in tariff. The Americans are the best workmen on earth. The highest paid labor is the cheapest to the employer.

The citizen who cannot see more than one view of the tariff question is very likely to be singularly lop sided.

RICHES ARE ECLIPSED.

The appointment of Dr. Hill to the ambassadorship at Berlin was a radical break in the policy which provided that only the rich and those with unlimited willingness to spend money should have the big plums in diplomacy.

A still wider departure from the practice of the last quarter century will be the naming of Charles W. Eliot, the former president of Hardvard, as ambassador to the court of St. James. England, more than Germany, France, or any other country, has become used to an American legation which sought to astonish the natives with luxury of fittings and lavish expenditure of funds for social functions and state dinners. Whitelaw Reid has probably broken all records in this direction. He has maintained an expensive London residence and leased a country place that was little else than a palace.

But search of the history of American diplomacy fails to disclose any figure whose greatness was aided in the least by the freedom from the necessity of economy. In fact, the simpler, more restricted diplomatists have been the ones who shone.

If Mr. Taft appoints Prof. Eliot to the ambassadorship he will make an appreciable gain for American foreign affairs in the matter of intellectuality and he will make a country grateful that has grown very, very weary with the accounts of the "affairs" of her wealthy agents abroad.

TAFT AND THE RUMORISTS.

The largest visible supply of rumor is to be found in the dispatches of the Washington correspondents. If all things were named as they should be named these gentlemen with the sizzling domes of thought would be called rumorists, rumor manufacturers, rumor promoters, rumor distributors and retailers. the distinctions depending upon time and the state of the digestion.

The line of rumor most in present favor in Pennsylvania avenue, is Mr. Taft's relations with the tariff tinkers. One day we read that the President has sent word over to Capitol hill that there must be a real, bona fide, sure enough workable tariff revision or there'll be a lot of disagreeable things doing. The next day comes the news that the White House will keep its hands off of legislative matters and will approve such bills as come to it meekly and with thankfulness for the privilege And so on—the messages of one day making those of the day before look silly.

The facts may be accepted to be substantially as follows: The correspondents have not yet come to understand Mr. Taft's ways. They ask him a question and he politely asks them another. Until the perfect relationship between the administration and the publicists has been established it will be wisdom to ask ourselves, when reading a Washington news item, if it be reasonable, sensible, or like the man to say or do such a thing?

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

A weakness for prophecy, no doubt, afflicts all Americans. It is in the nature of things. Affairs move with such marvelous briskness, invention increases production and lightens the labor of the hand so rapidly, population grows with every hour and values climb to make men rich over night, that one cannot resist drawing maps of the future.

A lecturer in Brooklyn a few evenings ago predicted that the city of New York would increase 6,000,000 in resident population by 1930 and congestion would become a stupendous and costly problem. The learned gentleman is interested deeply in the tenement house evil and it were natural that he should become so absorbed in the subject as to be blind to tendencies working directly against congestion and concentration. The cities are not becoming more compact. They are, in fact, undergoing a centrifugal change, spreading from the center. Suburban transportation is improving, means of it increasing, speed bettering and passenger rates lowering. The city people are hungering for the country. Nor are the rich alone in this. It is really more marked among the wage-earners. Realty sold upon the installment plan sells swiftly among those who buy only single lots and expect at most to put only a few hundred dollars into a home.

The city of 1930 is more likely to be a widely-scattered community, cobwebbed with traction lines, breathing pure air and open freely to the sun, than one congested and noisome and cursed with housing difficulties. Indeed, it is reasonable to believe that the American city of forty or fifty years hence will have a radius of seventy-five to a hundred miles, studying new problems and distressed with evils we cannot guess now.

AMERICANIZATION OF CANADA.

An English political periodical recently bceame hysterical over what it declared was the threatened welding of the United States and the Canadian dominion into one country. The article was amusing to Americans. It was typical of British way of thought, characteristic of a complete want of understanding of affairs upon this side of the Atlantic.

Yet, there is a movement that must ultimately bring about a closer sympathy and possibly the strongest alliance ever arranged upon the North American continent. This is the emigration of Americans into the Canadian northwest. This has been going on for a dozen years. The commissioner of immigration at Winnipeg said on Wednesday that 70,000 American settlers are expected to take up homesteads in Saskatchewan this summer. There must surely be many thousands of American-born farmers in Manitoba and Alberta. In British Columbia are American miners, engineers, mechanics, tradespeople and fruit growers.

With these emigrants are going a love of American institutions and a preference for American customs and business practices. Their influence is felt and will be felt more and more. They can themselves have little appreciation for that Canadian sentiment which still calls England "home" after many generations, and they will serve to make their neighbors realize that "home" is Canada and worthy of their pride and loyalty.

GOVERNMENT WASTE.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the methods of finance and promotion employed by E. H. Harriman, there can be none as regards his views upon the conduct of government business.

No one can dispute that "if the wasteful extravagance of governmental methods should be applied to any other business it would speedily bankrupt it," or that precautions should be taken "to prevent the terrible and utterly useless and uneconomic deficits which are occurring altogether with too much frequency."

It is Mr. Harriman's opinion that the government would profit by studying the cost per ton per mile rule of the railroads. The constant striving to reduce that cost is an example which legislators and officers of the administrative departments could follow with savings of money and energy.

Contrast Harriman's remarks with the words of Senator Tillman when the naval budget was under consideration:

This bill is loaded down with expansion in every navy yard. I am trying to get a little for Port Royal, because if you are going to steal I want my share.

The scientific control of governmental machinery is now only a dream, but surely it cannot always remain a dream. Some one, some party, will make such a reformation a slogan, and win with it.

STRIKES AND THEIR COST.

The Blade, on several occasions, has had cause to comment upon the huge costs of strikes, but it would not have anyone to understand that by those costs it meant only the money lost.

The distress and uncertainties of idleness, the mental irritations to men and employers, the interruption of the orderly routine of life, the breedings of bitter misunderstandings and the spreading of the gap between the opposing forces, the hardening of heart, the pain and worries and fears brought to the women and the children—surely these are all costs not to be measured by dollars, but to be placed far above them in reckoning the price of strikes.

A reader has sent a leaf torn from the Hat Review, apparently the organ of the manufacturers. It makes a bold estimate of the cost of the hatters' strike, putting it at $200 per workman plus the subscriptions to union funds.

If this were all there was to a strike it would be a small matter. Principle is always to be placed above mere money. We would be thinking little of our fathers if they had considered the monetary loss when they enlisted to put down the rebellion. Strikes on such terms would be things to be encouraged as tending to develop the nobler qualities of mankind. But the costs are far heavier in directions other than any the editor of the Hat Review mentions. The consequences are incalculable, involving not only the striker and his family, the employer and his family, the tradespeople who depend upon both, but the peace of a community, the progress of civilization and the moral code itself.

WHERE DIRIGIBLES FAIL.

The difficulties experienced by the Zeppelin airship bear out the contentions of American aeronautic students that the conquest of the air will not be brought about by the dirigible balloon. The massive gas bag drove before the wind for many hours and in spite of having the best engines so far devised for aerial navigation, it was unable even to hold its own against a gale.

Now, the merit of such an airship must lie in an ability to carry passengers and freight, that is, troops and ammunition, in any kind of weather. The first Zeppelin airship to make anything like a successful voyage was destroyed by lightning and that peril must be a constant factor. Aeronauts are constantly in fear of ignition of the gas of the balloon from the engine, and such an accident, and with fatal results, has been recorded. The sensitiveness of balloons to differences in weight will probably never be overcome. Roy Knabenshue reported once that his machine fairly leaped upwards when he threw a few printed circulars overboard, and an early experimenter said his dirigible rose forty feet once when he dropped a chicken bone.

The practical flying machine, if there is to be one, must be independent of certain natural laws, which now control the dirigibles, must be free of dangers of explosion and must be able to drive against storm as well as a crow or a hawk does. Improvement upon the Wright model will doubtless be the machine that is to win popularity.

THE LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

The government never has made a more valuable expenditure of money than in that it spends upon the life saving service. The hopes of the founders have been more than realized and the high purposes vindicated.

In the thirty-seven years of the existence of the service the aggregate results have been:

Disasters	18,411
Persons involved	127,895
Lives lost	1,094
Persons succored at stations	21,286
Days' succor afforded	49,870
Value of vessels	$188,858,830
Value of cargoes	76,147,689
Value of property involved	265,006,509
Value of property saved	211,124,032
Value of property lost	53,932,477

An improvement has been obtained in the last few years by the kindlier attitude of congress in the matter of pay, but it would seem only fair and humane that a system of pensioning the injured and those grown old in the service should be adopted. Not even the soldiers and sailors who have risked all for their country are more deserving of such a recognition.

SHORT-CUTS TO FAME.

Fame, as it goes in congress, is no longer to be reached by a long and blister-wearing road. Short cuts have been discovered. A new member, utilizing the time-saving by-path, darts off the main highway and, lo, he clutches the laurels tight within his fist!

There is Representative Sheppard of Texas, who, though not entirely new to Washington, is yet in the freshman class. He leaped out of a dense obscurity the other day by introducing forty-eight bills in a lump, among them one to alter the preamble of the constitution, another to erect a monument to George Washington's mother, and a third to call a national prohibition congress. There is Edwards, of Kentucky, who nearly caused his fellow congressmen to faint away by proposing the reduction of salaries from $7,500 to $5,000.

The freak bill was once the exclusive property of the state legislatures. But it had points of notoriety that were too valuable not to be seized by national claimants to attention. We have seen only the beginning of these measures, but competition is bound to bring forth wonders. The bed sheet law of Oklahoma, the registration of windmills and the fixing of the circumference of a circle at exactly three times the diameter, instead of three times and an inconvenient fraction, are bound to dwindle to commonplaces. A bill naming universal sizes for wastebaskets, shoes and omnibuses or one making the use of chewing gum in the District of Columbia a misdemeanor, ought to appeal to some new comer in congress and we offer either or both to him free of charge, without royalty, rebate, or credit.

THE DIDACTIC VEGETARIAN.

The diet faddist is of the same mould as that theological writer who signed himself "the most humble member of the only true church of Christ in Scotland." Where he is not meek and diffident he is dictatorially assertive.

A recent lecturer on vegetarianism says that to the eating of meat is due the survival of the barbarism of war and the existence of hatred and cruelty. Anyone who feels competent to instruct his fellowmen ought first, it would seem natural to suppose, to read of how things fare with peoples who subsist entirely or largely upon vegetable substances. The religion of the Burmese forbids the eating of meat and has done so for centuries. Yet there is the record of the most frightful wars, brought to an end by the British, a nation of meat-eaters. Travelers have frequently said that the beauties and mysteries of India were spoiled for them by the cruelties practiced upon domestic beasts in the very highways. When General Grant visited Japan the crowds in the Tokio streets shouted with delight when a bewildered dog and her puppies fell beneath the wheels of the visitor's carriage. The diet of the Japanese is mostly vegetable, the poorest classes being unable to buy even the plentiful fish.

The dietarians have found that which agrees best with themselves, but they should not feel as if possessed of a license to lay down absolute laws for the human race.

KIDNAPING VOTERS

Old English Tactics of Political Opponents.

Pearson's Weekly.

The alleged kidnaping of Mr. Victor Grayson in order to prevent him speaking at a public meeting, strange though it appears to us, would not have seemed at all out of the way to our forefathers of a generation or two ago.

In those days kidnaping was a regularly recognized feature of political warfare. On the eve of an election especially men of influence on either side would mysteriously vanish, to appear later with strange tales of forcible seizures, mad races across country in post chaises driven by yelling postillions, followed by longer or shorter terms of gilded imprisonment in great mansions, where they were wined and dined in sumptuous style and treated right royally in every way, only their liberty being denied them.

Quite humble voters, too, were forcibly abducted, but these did not always fare quite so well. Thus, one victim made complaint before a magistrate that he had been decoyed from his house by a ruse and kept shut up in a coal hole for three days.

Wholesale kidnaping of voters in batches, too, was not unknown, the process being rendered easier by the custom of candidates paying the traveling expenses of their electors to and from the poling places.

For instance, at a certain Newcastle election a whole shipload of freemen of the borough, dispatched from London by sea, were taken by the captain—who had been heavily bribed—to Ostend and there left stranded.

During the same contest, too, and under similar circumstances a number of Berwick electors who happened to reside in London were dupmed down in Norway and a group of thirty Ipswich voters found themselves on the day of the poll cooling their heels upon the quay at Rotterdam.

BIGGEST FERRYBOAT

Runs Across Lake Ontario and Carries 30 Cars.

New York Sun.

New Yorkers are prone to think that about every kind of craft that floats may be seen in the waters hereabouts. They may be right as regards pretentious carriers of passengers and freight, but when it comes to the humble ferryboat they are mistaken.

The municipal ferryboats which ply to Staten Island and South Brooklyn are probably the finest of their kind, but among the boats which carry whole railroad trains those in this harbor take a rank. The Maryland and the Express of the New Haven railroad look mighty powerful as they pass under the Brooklyn bridge transporting the Federal or the Colonial express between Jersey City and Mott Haven, but they are surpassed by railroad ferries elsewhere.

The biggest ferryboat for railroad trains is now in operation on Lake Ontario, between Charlotte, N. Y., the port of Rochester and Cobourg, Ontario, 62 miles away. Boats of the ordinary ferry type could not make the passage of Lake Ontario safely except in fair and favorable weather.

The boat which makes this trip, the Ontario No. 1, looks more like an ocean steamship than a ferryboat. It is 317 feet long. It differs from the ordinary steamship in appearance only at the stern, which looks as if a huge bite had been taken out of it.

If you view this boat from the stern the purpose of its building is apparent. The entire space of the main deck is a runway for cars. There are four tracks on which trains run from the yards by means of an adjustable apron. It carries 30 loaded cars. There is room on the upper deck for 1,000 passengers.

The Ontario No. 1 is used chiefly to transport carloads of coal from the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway to the Grand Trunk railway. A saving of nearly 100 miles of haul is effected and the congestion of traffic on the Niagara-Toronto lines is relieved.

The trip of 62 miles is made in about four hours. It is the only boat operating on the great lakes continuously throughout the year. It started running in November, 1907, and hasn't missed a trip yet.

Roosevelt Chair Brings 16.

Albany Dispatch to New York Press.

About 100 pieces of furniture that had been used for years in the executive mansion were brought out of the attic and sold at auction in the capitol Saturday, together with odds and ends of state department office furniture that had outlived its usefulness so far as the state is concerned.

A crowd attended the sale, and there was lively bidding, particularly on the chairs, beds and sofas that had been used by former governors. A handsomely carved rosewood bed that had been occupied by Samuel J. Tilden was sold to an Albany man for $10.50. Sofas and chairs that had been used in the parlor of the mansion during the administrations of Governors Morton, Black and Roosevelt found a ready sale, one small upholstered chair bringing $16. Altogether the proceeds of the sale amounted to $412.12.

Wire Netting Against Rabbits

London Standard.

Large orders for wire netting have been placed with a Norwich firm, the total running to 1,100 miles length of this protection against the rabbit pest. The netting is made 42 inches wide, with 1¼ inch mesh at the bottom and 1½ inch mest at the top, this weaves of netting being a patent held by this firm. The order now in hand is for 500 miles of netting for the Queensland government, which follows on a similar order for the Victorian government, and the firm has also dispatched 500 miles of wire netting to New South Wales. In each case the government is the initial purchaser, and then retails the netting to the settlers, who fix it around their holdings and thus keep out the rabbits, without which their crops would be devastated.

Roosevelt in 1912?

Alfred Henry Lewis in New York American.

As Mr. Roosevelt pulls out for Africa on the trail of lions, it would seem as though he had left behind a warning ford for Mr. Taft. A gentleman who was recently with Mr. Roosevelt called the latter's attention to certain signs that signal smokes which went to show that Mr. Taft did not purpose carrying out the so-called "Roosevelt policies."

Mr. Roosevelt was reluctant to talk. At last, however, he broke out suddenly:

"Mr. Taft became president upon the understanding that he would carry to success those policies. I have had every assurance that he'd do so. Should he fail, he will find a candidate against him in 1912, and"—here Mr. Roosevelt tapped him shirt bosom as identifying the man—"I will be the candidate."

Mr. Carnegie's Joke.

Pittsburg Dispatch to New York Times.

Andrew Carnegie's sense of humor was made apparent here Tuesday when it was discovered that he had built a $1,000,000 school without the people of Pittsburg really knowing anything about it and that he is half way through with another structure.

This was made public by the announcement that the Carnegie school of applied science was now ready and that it had cost $1,000,000. Outside of Director Hammerschlag and those directly engaged in the work of construction, few in Pittsburg knew that such a school was being built. The foundation of another building of similar size and cost are already finished. It is said Mr. Carnegie wanted to have a little joke on Pittsburg.

Tailor Who Looked Like the Kaiser.

London M. A. P.

The German emperor is in the peculiar predicament of having no less than two doubles. One a certain Herr Nitsche, follows the humble and prosaic calling of a chimney sweep. A year or two ago when the emperor was staying at a small German watering place, so the story goes, a tailor of the locality, suddenly waking up to the fact that he was rather like his majesty, had his moustache trimmed accordingly, copied the style of dress as nearly as possible and boldly sallied forth into the town. His reception even exceeded his own expectations, but the incident got to the ears of the authorities. Next day the ambitious tailor received a visit from a police officer with a peremptory recommendation to alter his appearance of else leave town. He chose the latter course.

Picture Puzzles.

Seated one day at a table,
I was having forty fits,
As my fingers hovered nervously
Over those jig-sawed bits.

I know not what I was hunting
To finish a soldier's face;
But I struck one queer-shaped fragment
That fitted that queer-shaped space.

It linked all those silly features
Into one solid man;
And as I had finished his shoulder,
I began to see the plan.

It helped with the background also,
A sort of guide it made;
But I moved some other pieces,
And somehow it got mislaid!

I sought, but I sought it vainly,
That one small piece so queer,
That out of a hundred others
Fitted that soldier's ear.

I couldn't go on without it,
I fretted and fumed and fussed;
Then—somebody joggled my elbow!
And I gave up in disgust.

It may be that some time or other
I will try that thing again;
But not till I'm in an asylum,—
And I doubt if I do it then!

—Life.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

That a prophet is not without honor except in his own community is proved almost every day, and this was impressed on Postmaster W. H. Davis a few days ago. Major Davis can beard the big fellows of the postoffice department in their dens at Washington, but it took a woman to stagger him at the Union station. The major was looking over the Pennsylvania's palace with a view of bettering the mailing facilities for passengers. He saw a Swissvale woman piling a lot of packages on a radiator in the lobby. The packages were stamped for mailing, and Major Davis, approaching the woman, addressed her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "but I wouldn't put those packages there. There are no collections of mail made here, and they are apt to be stolen."

"What do you know about it?" tartly asked the woman.

"Well," responded the major, "I happen to know all about it; I'm the postmaster."

"I don't believe it," snapped the dame from Swissvale, "you're too polite. I think you're a bunco man," and she sailed off down the platform, leaving the packages on the radiator and the major ruminating over the inconsistencies of womankind.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The inspector was examining Standard I, and the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the teacher encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Saturday Evening Post.

Brand Whitlock, author and mayor of Toledo, was at his home one night when a lady he did not know was shown in.

"Mr. Whitlock?" she inquired.

"Yes, madame; what can I do for you?"

"Why—you see—I thought—I wanted to ask you, Mr. Whitlock, if you would be good enough to give me a copy of your latest book."

"Give you a copy of my latest book? Why, cannot you get one at the bookstore?"

"I suppose so, but I didn't try. I thought you wouldn't mind giving me one with a nice inscription in it. They don't cost you anything, you know, and I hate to pay a dollar and a half for one."

Stunned, Whitlock gasped: "And what do you intend to do with the book if I give it to you?"

"Why," replied the lady vivaciously, "I want to use it for a prize at my bridge party tonight."

Harper's Weekly.

At a dance given by a certain set in Philadelphia society there was one participant, a man from Wilmington, who met with a mishap on the floor due to his lack of skill in dancing.

The Wilmington person observed to one guest: "Sir, you are the only gentleman in the room."

"Thanks," was the dry response. "May I inquire what motive has led to this complimentary outburst on your part?"

"Why," explained the out-of-towner, "when I tripped in the dance just now and fell sprawling to the floor, incidentally ripping off a large section of my charming partner's gown, you were the only one in the place who did not laugh."

Mr. Birrell smiled grimly. "The explanation lies in the fact that the lady is my wife, and that I have paid for the gown."

Chicago Record-Herald.

By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the loose lines and scintillating flash about her lips he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff— sh — ffspog?" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed. "It looks very nice."

"Ouff — suff — so — gs —ph—mf — ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, James," she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

Universalist Leader.

A big Yorkshireman had come all the way to London to see the British Museum. Unfortunately, it was a day when the museum was closed. The indignant Yorkshireman refused to take no for an answer from the policeman at the gate. "Ain't this public property?" he cried.

"Yes," admitted the policeman, "but," he added, struck by a bright idea, "one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yorkshireman in a hushed voice. 'In that case I won't intrude."

Rochester Herald.

When Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III one night, and the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:

"And wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?"

"Sure," answered Sullivan, turning like a flash at the sound of the voice. "Come around to the stage door at once!"

Chicago News.

Teacher—"Now, Harry, can you tell me what an island is?"

Small Harry—"Yes, ma'am. An island is a place you can't leave without a boat."

Johnny (aged 5)—"Mamma, I wish I had a little sister."

Mamma—"Why do you wish that, dear?"

Johnny—"'Cauce I'm tired teasin' the cat."

Mamma—"Edgar, didn't I tell you not to take any more preserves from the jar?"

Small Edgar—"Yes, ma'am."

Mamma—"Then if you wanted some, why didn't you ask me for them?"

Small Edgar—"'Cause I wanted some."

Little 5-year-old Bessie was telling about some medicine she had taken while ill. "Yes," she said, "I took some compulsion of cod-liver oil, and—"

"You mean 'emulsion,' don't you, dear—not compulsion?" said the visitor.

"Well," replied Bessie, "there was a good deal of compulsion about it."

W. G. Conrad, of Montana, was one of the one hundred and fourteen vice-presidential candidates at Denver. Mr. Conrad is a large and imposing gentleman, with a heavy mustache, a deep bass voice, a fine faith in his political prospects, and a wad of money a giraffe couldn't step over. He brought a bunch of boomers with him to Denver. On the day when the vice president was to be nominated a friend of Conrad's saw the boomers standing disconsolately in the Brown Palace Hotel.

"Where's Conrad?" he asked.

"Up in his room."

"Aren't you going to the convention? As supporters of a prominent candidate for vice president you should be there. Why don't you go?"

"Well, the fact is," replied one of the boomers, "we would like to go, but Conrad hasn't been able to get us any admission tickets yet."

Varieties

Saws are tempered at 500 degrees.

Good brandy is about half alcohol.

Dress materials are sold by weight in Japan.

Spain has more hunchbacks than any other country.

The microbes in city air are fourteen times more than in country air.

The United States ranks third among the nations in importation of tea.

The air of Switzerland at an elevation of 2,000 feet is free from microbes.

New Zealand's drink bill in 1908 was $18,750,000, $420,000 more than in 1907.

There is to be a referendum to the people as to local option in British Columbia.

Fifty pounds of candles will produce the same amount of illumination as 1,000 feet of gas.

British capital is to start a steel foundry at San Diego, Cal., using British Columbian ore.

Austria has more unexplored area in proportion to the population than any other country.

Fifty years ago there were 22,000 distilleries in Sweden, but that number has now been reduced to 132.

In several of the more northern countries of Europe it is the custom to charge women half rates at the hotels.

The labor unions and unemployed of New Zealand are protesting against assisted immigration to the colony.

Flour making in France is the most important industry in the country in amount of capital invested and value of annual output.

One can ride eleven hours in an automobile, with chauffeur and porter, from Tokio for $12, or $6.50 for half a day and $1.50 for a single hour.

Yokohama's foreign population at the end of 1908 was 6,405, including 3,789 Chinese, 1,221 British, 547 Americans, 291 Germans and 160 French.

Complaints are made in German papers of the depredations of tourists who hunt in Spitzbergen; one wealthy Berliner killed thirteen bears in four days.

Capital formerly invested in building at Messina is calculated at about $12,000,000, at Reggio at $10,000,000. The greatest portion of this is irrevocably lost.

On January 1 Canada was sheltering 39,353 Orientals, including 17,239 Chinese, 15,848 Japanese, and 5,171 Indians. Canada has made British subjects of 7,442 Orientals.

By the aid of electro-chemical protection of manures containing atmospheric nitrogen, Germany expects soon to largely decrease its importation of saltpeter from Chile.

The Canadian minister of militia hopes by reason of the prizes being offered that within a few months every boy in Canada will be undergoing instruction in rifle shooting.

The climate in Scotland is such that waterproof garments are usually required more or less during every month of the year. The average annual rainfall is about forty-five inches.

Arrived back in London, Harry Lauder says: "And you want to know what I thought of President Roosevelt? Well, he's the kind of a man who doesn't care what any man thinks of him, so there!"

Rat exterminators had to be engaged the other day by the Leeds (England) public library; the chief librarian was openly defied by a great rat, and the women assistants were in a constant state of terror.

Chinese newspapers report that the ministers of Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France purpose to recommend their respective governments to reduce a portion of the boxer indemnity as a proof of their friendship for China.

One of Great Britain's cruisers of 2,135 tons has penetrated the heart of South America by making a voyage of 1,000 miles up the Amazon to Manaos, and continuing thence nearly 1,500 miles farther to Iquitos in Peru, within 600 miles of the Pacific coast.

The owners of grain godowns and warehouses in Calcutta are compelled by municipal regulation to cover them with concrete to prevent the ingress of rats, which it is believed, will aid materially in the extermination of the active distributor of the plague germ.

Encouraging oil developments have occurred in the remote parts of Athabasca and Peace River, Canada. The latest search has been made by news from the oil fields of West Virginia. Extensive tracts of oil bearing territory exist in the northern parts of Alberta province, right on to British Columbia.

When Mlle. Helen Miropolosky made her debut as a member of the Paris bar recently, she was attired in a simple black gown relieved only by the conventional white barrister's bib. Her costume was further accentuated by the black toque which crowned her jet black hair. It is said that Mlle. Miropolosky is strikingly beautiful.

Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, is quoted from Bristol, England, as expressing the belief that President Taft, in his inaugural address, pronounced the doom of the hope for the disarmament of nations. There is a universal feeling abroad, in which the United States now joins, Mr. Birrell said, for increased armaments.

The eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered at the Greenwich observatory in January of last year, proves remarkable not only for being so far from the planet but also for its very eccentric orbit, its distance from Jupiter varying from about 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 miles. It revolves around the planet in about twenty-six of our months.

There has recently been discovered in Buenos Ayres a spider which practices fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones a two-winged conical net, on which it rests in the water, and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shriveled skins of little creatures that lie about in the web net.

Jefferson D. Thompson, chairman of the Vanderbilt cup commission, declares that enthusiastic owners find merits that motor car manufacturers dare not claim. "A young woman," he said, "once showed me proudly a very cheap, very light car that she had just bought. 'Awfully light, isn't it?' said I. 'Yes,' said she. 'Isn't it splendid! Whenever it breaks down we can always push it home.'"

To the studio of the sculptor the husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust. "Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter

Health and Vigor

MISS EDNA BUCKLER.

Miss Edna Buckler, a Prominent Young Lady of Hume, Ill., Praises Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for Restoring Her to Health and Vigor After Being Very Weak and "Run Down"—She Recommends It to All in Need of a Tonic Stimulant That Makes the Old Young and the Yonng Energetic and Vigorous.

Miss Buckler recently wrote: "I was very weak and run down, had no life or energy, was very much in need of something that would tone up my system and enrich my blood. On the advice of friends I began taking Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, and it immediately put new life into me. I feel wonderfully better, and would advise any one needing a tonic stimulant that will make them strong and vigorous to take Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey." Every testimonial is published in good faith, and is guaranteed.

Men and women in all walks of life testify to the great good derived from the use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, the world's greatest tonic stimulant.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

If you wish to keep young, strong and vigorous and have on your cheeks the glow of perfect health, take Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey regularly, according to directions. It tones and strengthens the heart action and purifies the entire system. It is recognized as a family medicine everywhere.

CAUTION.—When you ask your druggist, grocer or dealer for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. It's the only absolutely pure medicinal malt whiskey and is sold in large sealed bottles only—never in bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and make sure the seal over the cork is unbroken. Price $1.00. Write Consulting Physician, Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y., for free illustrated medical booklet and free advice.

TAFTS WANT GAIETY

Potomac Park to Be Outdoor Social Center.

Washington, April 3.—President Taft has issued orders that will make the speedway in Potomac park, south of the White House grounds, the great outdoor social center of Washington, similar to the Molecon in Havana, the Lunetta in Manila, Hyde park in London and the Court of Honor in Florence.

The orders issued by the President are for the erection of a bandstand on the speedway, where the marine band will play evenings twice a week during the summer. President and Mrs. Taft have decided to be present at each of the concerts. The idea is said to have been conceived by Mrs. Taft.

The site is almost directly south of the Washington monument, and on the shore of the Potomac river.

DANGER IS LESSENED

Not So Many Explosions on the Railroads.

Chicago, April 2.—A reduction approximating nearly 50 per cent in the number of fatalities and injuries and in property loss in connection with the transportation of explosives by rail is shown in the annual report of the board of explosives of the American Railway association, which opened its annual session here today.

The report was prepared by Colonel D. W. Dunn, chief inspector, who holds a commission in the United States army, and was appointed chief inspector to work with the bureau of inspectors of the association. This decrease in loss of life and property is attributed by Chief Inspector Dunn to careful and frequent inspection of such explosives while in transit.

PUSH LIBEL CASE

Federal Officials, Directed by Taft, Press Panama Charges.

New York, April 2.—Investigation of the Panama libel charge against the New York World was resumed before a federal grand jury in this city today under the direction of Stuart McNamara, special assistant attorney general, who came over from Washington for that purpose.

It was reported that the purpose of the new inquiry was to obtain indictments in this city against the publisher and possibly one of the editors of the World who were recently indicted in Washington in order that their trials might be held in New York instead of Washington.

The witnesses subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury today included Don C. Seitz, business manager of the World; Dumont Clarke, vice president of the Press Publishing company, which publishes the World; N. G. Thwaites, secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher; C. M. White, the assistant cashier; Earl Harding and David Ferguson, reporters; and John Hadwin, a messenger in the World building. Subpoenas have also been issued for S. M. Williams, a World reporter who is now abroad, and for John C. Hammond, a newspaper man, who is ill and in a hospital.

When the jury took up the Panama mater, after considering several other cases, George M. Roe, in the office of the receiver of taxes of New York city, was called to testify. He spent but a short time in the grand jury room and was followed by Vice President Clark, of the Press Publishing company.

TRUST CAUGHT NAPPING

Independents Beat Big Corporation to Rich Strip of Coal Land.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 2.—Beating the United States Steel corporation, which had been intending to secure the property, a deal has been closed by independent steel concerns for 100,000 acres of the Pittsburg coking coal in Greene, Fayette and Washington counties, Pa., at a cost price of $50,000,000. The property was held by J. V. Thompson, of Uniontown, Pa., and his associates.

Schwab Not In It.

The sale was made to a holding company, representing, it is said, every important independent steel company in the country except Jones & Laughlin, of Pittsburg, who are said not to be interested in the deal.

Charles M. Schwab, of the eBthlehem Cteel company, is said to be at the head of the new concern, and it has been rumored that John W. Gates was behind the deal. It is stated that J. P. Morgan was asked to undertake the purchase of this property and the consolidation of independent steel interests, but refused on account of his age to become interested in so large an undertaking.

Deal Took Fifteen Years.

All the coal in the purchase belongs to the Pittsburg vein and averages nine feet in thickness. Mr. Thompson has been fifteen years in acquiring the tract, having bought most of the coal in small tracts from farmers at an average price of about $35 an acre. A large part of the purchase is immediately accessible by railroad and is already opened up.

FILIPINOS APPEAL

For First Time a Native of Eastern Islands Is Heard in Halls of Congress.

Washington, April 2.—The voice of the Filipino for the first time was heard today in the legislative halls of congress. It was a voice raised in protest against the system of free trade, which the Payne bill seeks to establish with the Philippines.

Standing in his place in the house of representatives, Palmo Ocampo de Leon, resident commissioner from the far off island possession of the United States, criticized the proposition for free trade because, he said, it would cause a decrease in the revenues of the islands, and act upon the trusts in such a way as to preclude the possibility of independence. Speaking for the Filipinos and voicing their sentiments, Mr. Ocampo de Leon pleaded for such independence.

At the conclusion of Mr. Ocampo de Leon's remarks, Mr. Goulden (N. Y.) made the statement that at a public dinner in Washington, before he was president, Mr. Taft declared that when he went to the Philippines he was credibly informed that if he could get the influence and active support of Mr. Ocampo de Leon he would have no trouble in pacifying the Filipino people.

"Are they pacified now?" a voice on the Republican side was heard to say.

"They are pacified," was Mr. Goulden's response to his unknown questioner.

Denounce Anglo-Maniac.

Mr. Moore (Pa.) addressed the house "as a protectionist who believes in his own land and the advancement of his own people." He pleaded for protection for American men and women who know the blessings of their own environment and seek to hold them undisturbed;" protection from the prejudice that holds enthralled American genius and "against the wasteful Anglo-maniac who fritters away American substance upon foreign fops and follies."

VOTE ON SCHEDULES

Leaders of the House Plan for Separate Ballots on Disputed Tariffs.

Washington, April 5.—It appears very probable that the rule to be reported for the house to govern amendments for the Payne tariff bill will provide for separate votes on lumber, hides, coal, gloves and hosiery, and for a duty of 25 per cent ad valorem on petroleum in place of the countervailing duty.

The attitude of the Republican members who framed a petition to the ways and means committee Saturday and who have been exerting their influence today to prevent the schedules in which they are interested from being opened up for general amendment, resulted in much delay in bringing in the rule.

Following a motion by Chairman Payne to take up the tariff bill, Mr. Clark (Mo.), made a parlimentary inquiry whether general debate on the measure could not be dispensed with, and its reading for amendment begun. He wanted the whole bill considered paragraph by paragraph. "We are ready for that performance now," he said.

While the chair was ruling that the question was not a parliamentary one, the representatives shouted for "regular order," and the house was thrown into great confusion.

The first speaker was Mr. Bartlett (Ga.), who advocated free lumber, and who charged that the bill discriminated against the south in favor of New England.

Mr. Calderhead (Kan.), a member of the ways and means committee, denied that special privileges were granted to anybody by the bill. He contended that the laborer and the farmer are the principal beneficiaries.

"The protection clock strikes twelve in this bill as certainly as I am standing here," said Mr. Burgess (Texas) in opposing the protective policy of the Republican party. "You are deluding the people; you are making believe to give them bread, but you know you are not doing it," he exclaimed.

TO SEVER RELATIONS

State Department Is Ready to Snub Nicaragua.

Washington, April 5.—Indications are that diplocatic relations between this country and Nicaragua are nearing a crisis resulting from the failure of President Zelaya to adjust the Emery claim.

In diplomatic circles it would occasion no surprise if Senor Espinosa, Nicaraguan minister to the United Stte should shortly be told by the state department that the present difficulty has gone beyond the range of diplomatic discussion, in which event his request for passports would logically follow.

The reticence of the state department in regard to the case indicates that the situation is more or less grave, and that there is little probability of any settlement of the difficulty on the basis proposed by Secretary Knox.

What is regarded as significant in connection with the present state of affairs is the fact that J. H. Gregory, the Americn charge d'affaires, who recently reached here from Nicaragua is not expected to return to the Central American republic.

One of the next moves by the state department probably will be the transmission of all the data bearing on the case to congress.

CALLS RITE FOOLISH

Astronomer Objects to the Blessing of Aerodrome.

Paris, April 3.—Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, has published an article in which he describes the recent pronouncing of a solemn benediction on a new aerodrome and two aeroplanes at Juvisy by Monsignor Amiette, archbishop of Paris, as unworthy of the church and on a par with the prayers of intercession in vogue in the middle ages.

"This act," M. Flammarion says," was a piece of inexcusable childishness in face of the progress of modern science and philosophy."

Restorative Recipe for Men

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, despondent, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, and general inability to act naturally and rationally as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without anyone's knowledge.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balmwort; mix, and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardomom); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

COVERED WITH HIVES

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sore, Itching, Irritating Humor for Two Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA

"My six-year-old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine, but it did not help her, and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

SUGAR KINGS ARE HIT

Loeb Orders $1,239,000 Increase in Assessment on Import Duties.

New York, April 2.—Reassessments of duties amounting to a total increase of $1,239,000 in sugar imported by the American Sugar Refining company at the refinery of Havemeyer & Elder, between December, 1901, and November, 1907, have been ordered by Collector Loeb, of the port of New York.

Mr. Loeb ordered the reliquidation of the duties on the ground of fraud. The imposition of the increased assessments is a result of a trial of the government against the sugar refining company, which was recently tried here, in which the government was awarded $234,000.

Ex-United States Attorney Stimson and Assistant District Attorney Denison, who prosecuted the previous case, have been retained by the department of justice as special counsel to carry on further litigation of a similar nature. Acting upon evidence which they laid before him, Collector Loeb ordered the reliquidation of the duties and the increase of $1,239,000 in assessments followed. Of this amount, it was announced today, about $100,000 has been paid to the government by the American Sugar Refining company.

In addition to the assessment of $1,239,000, the government also claims that it has been defrauded of about $500,000 in duties on sugar weighed at the refinery of Havemeyer & Elder in Brooklyn and also of $500,000 in duties on sugar weighed at the Jersey City refinery.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 820 Currier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

ORDER BIG GUARD

Officials at Naples Making Preparations to Protect Roosevelt.

Naples, April 3.—As the time of the arrival here of Theodore Roosevelt approaches, the interest and the excitement of the people of Naples increases. In the belief that Mr. Roosevelt would be here for the better part of two days, all kinds of arrangements were made for his entertainment, and the disappointment is correspondingly great, as it is realized that through delay to the Hamburg he will have only a few hours here.

A magnificent apartment in one of the best hotels has been prepared for Mr. Roosevelt's use. The rooms afford a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius and Capri, and it is hoped that the distinguished traveler will be able to make use of this department for at least a few hours.

The prefect of Naples has given orders that a special detachment of picked carabineers be on duty at the dock to protect Mr. Roosevelt, not only from any possible assault, but also from the importunities of the population. Both the Hamburg and the steamer Admiral will be surrounded by police boats, and it is deemed that these precautions preclude any untoward occurrence. Motor boats and automobiles have been put at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt for excursions by sea and by land.

The municipality of Naples will greet Mr. Roosevelt by the presentation of an address. The mayor has appointed three aldermen to receive the former president of the United States and extend to him the welcome of the city. Various other committees of welcome have been formed and are eager to show their admiration for Mr. Roosevelt.

Emperor William has instructed the German consul here to board the steamer Hamburg when she comes into port to greet Mr. Roosevelt and present him with a message from his majesty.

HASKELL TRIAL BEGUN

Governor and 6 Other Prominent Oklahomans in Court.

Tulsa, Okla., April 5.—Governor C. N. Haskell and six other prominent Oklahomans, under indictment for alleged fraud in the Muskogee town lot cases, apeared in the United States Circuit court today for trial before Judge John A. Marshall, of Utah, special judge assigned to try the cases.

The program called first for disposition of the motion to quash filed at Muskogee March 14 by the defendants, in which sensational allegations are made. The motion charged misconduct upon the part of the special assistant attorney general, Sylvester Rush, of Omaha, who conducted the grand jury investigations at Muskogee in February, that resulted in the indictments being returned.

It was alleged that government secret service operatives gave hearsay testimony before the grand jury, that important testimony was suppressed, that the government denied the jury's request for certain testimony, that witnesses were coerced and held in subjection, and that Attorney Rush told the jury that indictments had been returned for the reason the government wanted it done.

Attorney Rush recently denied the truth of defendants' allegations, and he was on hand in court today to represent the government and to deny the charges.

TEA IS NO LUXURY

Mr. Guggenheim Buys It for His Servants.

Washington, April 2.—Is tea wholly a drink of the rich is the question that is agitating Congress because of the imposition of the eight and nine-cent-a-pound tax on tea in the Payne bill?

"Tea is not wholly a rich man's drink," declared Senator Guggenheim, the Colorado multi-millionaire, in the senate cloakroom. "Why, all the servant girls at my home drink it.

"Who buys their tea?" asked another senator. Guggenheim grew red and nervously stammered out: "Why, I do."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ASHORE AT GIBRALTER

Roosevelt Is Received by Commander of England's Most Powerful Fortress.

Gibraltar, April 2.—The steamer Hamburg, with Theodore Roosevelt and the members of his party on board, came into Gibraltar a few minutes before 9 o'clock this morning.

The Hamburg, after a stay of a little more than three hours, left for Naples.

Richard L. Sprague, the American consul, and an aide-de-camp of General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, governor of Gibraltar, went out to the Hamburg to welcome the former president of the United States. After an exchange of greetings Mr. Roosevelt came down over the side and stepped into a launch sent out by the captain of the port and was brought ashore. The party proceeded at once to the residence of Mr. Sprague. At half-past 10 o'clock Mr. Roosevelt called upon General Forestier-Walker.

Is Taken to Drive.

Subsequently, accompanied by the governor, an aide and Mr. Sprague, Mr. Roosevelt drove in the governor's carriage out along the north front and up to the limit of British territory.

The party then returned to town and the governor bade Mr. Roosevelt farewell, wishing him Godspeed, health and prosperity. Mr. Roosevelt replied with equal cordiality.

The dock was crowded with people, who gave Mr. Roosevelt an enthusiastic farewell. The actual sailing of the Hamburg was delayed there for twenty minutes. No official reception was accorded Mr. Roosevelt on his own request. He informed the governor that he was traveling as a private citizen, and asked that he be received as such.

On being congratulated on his escape from assault at the hands of an Italian passenger on board the Hamburg, Mr. Roosevelt gave immediate and emphatic denial to this report. He added that when this false rumor came to his ears he at once visited all the steerage passengers and shook hands with them.

Festivities on Shipboard.

Mr. Roosevelt visited the second-class and steerage quarters of the Hamburg yesterday afternoon and was given an enthusiastic reception. In the absence of Captain Burmeister, the chief officer of the Hamburg presented Mr. Roosevelt an illuminated address prepared by the passengers. Later the party repaired to the main saloon, where ices were served by the ship's stewards dressed up as Neptunes and other fantastic characters. This entertainment was followed by a dance, at which Mr. Roosevelt danced with Miss Ruth Draper.

Tonight there will be the usual "captain's dinner," given on the last day of the voyage on all Hamburg-American liners. In honor of the distinguished passenger the menu is a special work of art.

On the front cover is a portrait of Theodore Roosevelt with his signature in fac-simile. The third cover contains two designs symbolic of Africa, one showing a crouching lion and the other a native with drawn bow. The first inside page contains, as a frontispiece, a reproduction of the steamer Hamburg leaving port, printed in duotone ink.

On two pages are rows of prancing "Teddy Bears," on another an open-mouthed hippopotamus, and on another a cartoon printed in gold, shows a quintet composed of a hippopotamus, giraffe, lion, monkey and elephant, with a background of the map of Africa, singing, Waiting for You.

Won't be Photographed.

Mr. Roosevelt refused to be photographed, and he declined every request for an interview. The weather is bright and warm and Mr. Roosevelt appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. Upon leaving the Hamburg he shook hands with a number of passengers, who cheered him enthusiastically.

It is said today that the Roosevelt party does not intend to go ashore at Naples; that they will merely transfer themselves and their belongings from the Hamburg to the steamer Admiral. In this event Mr. Roosevelt will not be able to meet the Duke and Duchess of Aosta at the Italian port.

The invitations for luncheon at Gibraltar were sent out to the Hamburg by wireless telegraphy, and Mr. Roosevelt's replies were communicated by the same means.

King Plans Honors.

Rome, April 2.—The battleship Re Umberto has been ordered to make ready to embark King Victor Emmanuel, and this fact his given rise to the report that the king is going out to meet ex-President Roosevelt and take him to Messina aboard the warship.

The steamship Admiral, on which Mr. Roosevelt will go from Naples to Mobassa, does not touch at Messina, and, therefore, it is believed here that the king wishes to take Mr. Roosevelt aboard the Re Umberto to Messina before the departure of the Admiral, and will transfer him to the latter vessel in the Straits of Messina, or that the German company to which the Admiral belongs having agreed to touch at Messina the king will go there to receive the former American president.

READY TO FIGHT MOB

British Troops in Cairo Are Under Arms.

Cairo, Egypt, April 2.—The new press law, promulgated last week, that provides penalties for the printing of false news or for incitement against public order was followed yesterday by riotous demonstrations by a large body of students.

The situation became so threatening that lancers and mounted policemen had to be called out to disperse the mob, which numbered several thousand persons. The troops charged several times, and fire hose had finally to be brought into play to route the demonstrators.

The local garrison has been placed under arms and ball cartridges have been served out so that the authorities may be prepared to cope with any eventuality.

LOSS IS $1,000,000

Santiago, Chile, April 3.—A serious fire that started today in the Calla Huerfanos, destroyed the cable office before the flames could be got under control. The losses are placed at $1,000,000.

FEED YOU MONEY

Feed Your Brain and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heart-burn and the indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back had ceased entirely.

My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had gradually, but none the less surely, been restored to nomal efficiency.

Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I have begun to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." "There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 170

Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

194 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

CHEERS FOR ROOSEVELT

Thousands Line the Shore as Former President Enters Italian Harbor.

Naples, April 5.—Theodore Roosevelt arrived here at 1 o'clock this afternoon, on board the steamer Hamburg, on his way from New York to Mombasa.

It is calculated that fully 5,000 foreigners have come into the city, especially from Capri, Sorrento and Amalfi, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the distinguished traveler.

The Hamburg was given a noisy and heraty greeting from ship and shore, as she steamed into the bay and dropped anchor. American flags are flying from the consulate, all the hotels and many private houses, and the ships in the bay are gaily decorated with bunting.

As soon as the Hamburg was sighted around Capri the interest of the waiting crowds became intense. The people had congregated along the docks and at various points in the city whence a view of the bay could be obtained, and when the Hamburg was identified a general roar of welcome went up from thousands of throats. Hankerchiefs were waved, hats were flung on high, and numberless craft of all kinds put out from shore to surround the incoming liner.

The harbor police had taken every precaution to prevent these small boats getting too close to the liner, but, in spite of these measures, several managed to reach the side of the incoming vessel and proffer their offerings of fruits and flowers. Other boats had on board bands of musicians who sang Neapolitan songs to an accompaniment of guitars and mandolins.

The steamer Admiral has not yet come into port, nor has she been signalled. The delay in her arrival, occasioned by heavy weather will, in a ll probability, make it impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to go on board before tomorrow.

It is again being declared today that Mr. Roosevelt will meet the King of Italy at Messina. There is nothng definite to substantiate this statement beyond the fact that the king and the queen left home this morning for Anzio, embarked on the battleship Re-Umberto, and are now on their way to Sicily.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's visitors this morning was Herr Steifensard, the eGrma nconsul general. He presented Mr. Roosevelt with a bouquet and a personal note from Emperor William.

WON'T BE A BOTHER

Treasury Officials Have a Uniform Design System for Notes.

Washington, April 5.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Coolidge has devolved a plan for systematizing designs for United States notes and coin certificates, thus carrying into effect a scheme of uniformity in portrait and general design for notes of the same denomination of each class. The plan adopted will embody the ideas of officials of the treasury department, bankers, business men and currency experts.

It is believed that the new notes, when put in circulation, will be welcomed by the public on account of their simplicity and the readiness with which different denominations may be fixed in mind. At present there are nineteen different designs for United States notes and coin certificates of various denominations, leading to confusion and uncertainty. Under the new plan there will be but nine.

Hard for Coiners.

By the new plan, the possibility of confusion will be reduced to a minimum, and at the same time the artistic quality of the notes will be greatly enhanced.

Under the plan adopted, all classes of notes of each denomination will carry the same portrait and no portrait will appear on the notes of more than one denomination, nor will any portrait be used which will not be immediately recognizable by every person who handles money. The one-dollar silver certificate will carry the portrait of Washington; the two-dollar silver certificate the portrait of Jefferson. The five-dollar note, whether silver certificate or greenback, will carry the portrait of Lincoln; the ten-dollar gold and silver certificates and United States notes, that of Cleveland; the twenty-dollar that of Jackson; the fifty-dollar that of Grant; the one-hundred dollar that of Franklin; the five hundred dollar that of Salmon P. Chase, and the one thousand-dollar that of Alexander Hamilton.

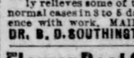
The portraits of Hillegas, Monroe, Silas Wright, Lewis, Clark, Mansfield and others will be eliminated. The eagle, the buffalo, and the Indian head, which have proved to be easily counterfeited, also will disappear. All duplications will be done away with. The classes of notes will be differentiated by color and other distinguishing marks. The new system of notes, it is believed, will tend to discourage counterfeiting.

MAY LEAVE ISLANDS

San Francisco, April 1.—It is reported here that Governor General Smith, of the Philippines, will resign and will sail for this city May 15 to resume the practice of law.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 263 Kansas City, Mo.

EARN $7 DAILY, SELLING



the Dr. Haax famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for special agents and dealers terms. Dr Haax Spectacle Co., Box 193 St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Flower Post Cards and our large Bargain list all 10 cents. Beautiful real colored Rose, Pansies, Apple Blossom, Dahlias, Chrysanthemums, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. F. HERMAN & CO., Dept. 50, Caxton Bldg., CHICAGO. 25 FOR 10c

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER THE PILOT, Dept. 28 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, 4 sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 220—21 W. Adams St., Chicago.

LADIES Let us send you FREE a 50 cent Box of VITA SANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. Write now. EDWIN MERCER CO., Dept. M., DETROIT, MICH

HOPE PEOPLE WITH OPEN MINDS HAVING Bright's Disease or Diabetes (or having friends who have) can learn of something to their advantage by writing to JOHN J. FULTON 204 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A Message to MEN
Manly Vigor Given by Mexican Balm
or no pay. Brings development, health and vitality. Quick results guaranteed or money refunded. Strong, but harmless. Large box $1.00. Generous sample sealed, 10 cents. Wentworth Co., Dept. N, 116 Nassau Street, New York.

COME TO KING'S COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, and do better. Good land, water plenty, sure crops, corn, cattle, hogs, dairying, alfalfa, raisin grapes, peaches. Send for booklet and local newspapers FREE. Learn the truth. Address CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. T, Hanford, Calif.

$90 A MONTH, $60 expense allowance to start, to put out Marchandise and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. American Home Supply Co., Desk W, 4, Chicago, Ill.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. **Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.**

WANTED—Railway mail clerks. Salary $800 first year. Examinations everywhere May 15th. Preparation free. Franklin Institute Dept. B 40, Rochester, N. Y.

LADIES and gentlemen wanted to join my correspondence and post card clubs. E. J. Teeple, 318 Eighth st., Decatur, Ind.

PICTURE AGENTS—Pillow tops, 35c; bromides, 25c; albumens, 30c; crayons, 40c; pastels, 60c. New novelties in 8x11 portraits and frames. Write today. Berlin Art Ass'n, Dept. 31, Chicago.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box X-34, Danville, Va.

WHY suffer with kidney trouble? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Ind., and get full sized 50c box Kasker's Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hours. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bed wetting.

BOOTH HINTS FOR U. S.

Says America May Become Model Nation.

New York, April 5.—General William Booth, whose 80th birthday is to be celebrated throughout the world Saturday, has replied to scores of congratulatory cablegrams received from state governors, mayors of leading American cities, and other men of prominence with a message to the American people. The message was given out as American headquarters of the Salvation Army here and is as follows:

"After spending eighty years in this world with almost countless opportunities for observing the purposes for which men generally live, and the disappointments they so commonly suffer, it seems reasonable that I should have formed some opinion as to the course they ought to follow if they are to have any real success.

"So, on this my eightieth birthday, I tell the American people this: If they will seek God, the reign of righteousness, the welfare of the friendless poor, the riches that endure forever with the same self-sacrificing avidity with which they seek the wealth and pleasures of this world, they will have a good chance of finding that life of satisfaction which now so often eludes them, and of building up a pattern nation for the world to imitate.

"WILLIAM BOOTH, General."

$33.50 AND UP Galloway Only

"BATH IN OIL"
High Grade Separator—Direct
Save $25 to $50 direct at my factory price—freight prepaid. Get the only Separator that runs in "Bath of Oil." Like a $5,000 automobile. This alone is worth $50 extra, but costs you nothing extra. Take
90 Days' Farm Test—Freight Prepaid
Why pay $85 to $110 to dealers or agents who cannot sell you a separator equal to the Galloway—closest skimmer, easiest runner—easiest cleaned—guarantee. Send for BOOK FREE
WM. GALLOWAY CO.
1873 Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2531

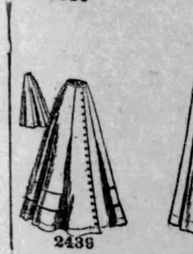
2812

2632

1468

1930

2188


2439

2834

20609

2807

1936—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with or without yoke facing. Any of the plain figured or striped shirtings develop well in this style. 8 sizes 32 to 46.

2188—Misses' Tucked Shirt-Waist, with long or three-quarter length sleeves. White embroidered batiste was used for the development of this model which is very becoming to the young girl. 3 sizes 13 to 17 years.

2430—Misses' Eight-Gored Skirt, closed with buttons at centre of front and having an inverted box-plait at centre-back seam. An excellent model for almost any of the season's materials. 3 sizes 13 to 17 years.

2834—Ladies' Ten-Gored Corselet Skirt, closing at left side of back. For the separate skirt of serge, flannel, Panama colth or voile this is an excellent model. 7 sizes 22 to 34.

2090—Girls' Low-Necked Dress, with yoke, three-quarter length sleeves and with or without fancy collar. Any of the washable materials develop well in this little model. 4 sizes 6 to 12 years.

2807—Girls' Dress. Dull pink chambray was used in the development of this pretty dress; the collar, cuffs and belt being of white linen. 5 sizes 6 to 14 years.

2824—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. A pretty model for any of the delicate shades of albatross challis, or of silk. 7 sizes 32 to 44.

2806—Ladies' Shirt Waist, closing at back. Washable French crepe, taffetas or any of the pretty new spring materials make up very stylish in this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2516—Ladies' Sixteen-Gored Circular Skirt, closing with buttons down the front and having an inverted box-plait at center of back. The model here illustrated was developed in heavy white linen, although it is adaptable to almost any material. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2828—Ladies' Four-Piece Corselet Skirt, with habit back. An excellent model for any of the new spring materials. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2090—Child's Low-Necked One-Piece Dress, slipped on over the head. Shell pink linen was used for this dainty little model with the low round neck and flowing sleeves embroidered with French dots and edged with buttonholing in white. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

1911—Child's Round-Yoked Dress, with long or short sleeves. A good model for chambray, lawn, nainsook, or batiste and may be trimmed or left plain according to taste. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2641—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. The model here illustrated was developed in pale blue linen embroidered with white mercerized cotton. The embroidery may be omitted and the waist may be developed in any material that suits the wearers' fancy. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2440—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Flannel, linen, duck or any of the season's shirtings are adaptable to this jaunty little waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2564—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands; and knickerbockers. For the suit of serge, flannel, linen or duck this is an excellent model. 6 sizes—2 to 7 years.

2802—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Princess Dress, closing at center-back in sweep or round length and with or without bolero and oversleeves. A very ne

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

We pray this morning that the thoughts we think, the words we speak, and the work we do may be so true that they may be fit for another day.

MONDAY

May we begin this day with a song in our hearts,—a song as rich and full and free as the bird sings at the earliest dawning of the sun's light,—a song so attuned with infinite life and hope and love that it must be sung.

TUESDAY

Remember that the possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil.

WEDNESDAY

Today well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day!

THURSDAY

O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

FRIDAY

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

SATURDAY

Make true friends by being a true friend to others.

THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION

ELIZABETH AYRES

THE other day, a woman said to me, "I have so few pleasures in the world," and she said it with an air of satisfaction as if she enjoyed the misery of contemplating a barren existence.

As it happened, I was in a bright-side mood, which we all know is the right-side mood, though we do not always keep it to the letter, and knowing her circumstances, her lament seemed absurd and ungrateful. We are friends, and so, taking advantage of our friendship, I laughed at her openly and derisively, at which she seemed inclined to feel injured.

"What woe oppresses you today?" I asked her.

"None in particular," she replied with a sigh, "only life is so monotonous."

She was not in a humor to be reasoned with, and, as she was not deserving of sympathy, I let her go her melancholy way without attempting to comfort where comfort was not necessary.

"What she needs is a good, hard bounce of real trouble," I thought.

I could see so plainly where my friend was wrong. It is always so easy to do this, you know, and it is no task to find flaws in our friends and acquaintances. Robert Louis Stevenson recognized this common failing when he wrote: "We can all be angry with our neighbor; what we want is to be shown, not his defects, of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are too blind."

This is apart from the subject, but it is one of the gentle reminders which it is well to remember.

In spite of this praiseworthy sentiment, my thoughts were busied with the faults of my friends.

"That woman said she had few pleasures as if she meant it," I reflected, accenting the words "that woman" as if I were calling her an abusive name. "She has in reasonable quantities everything she wants. She has a good home, and a good husband; two bright children and no illness, sorrow or trouble. So far as I can see, nothing is the matter. She has time for social diversions, and aside from her family, she has many friends. Her life is quiet and devoid of big events, but it is filled with pleasantness, and yet she complains of having few pleasures. She should be happy, but she thinks she is not. Now, what ails her?"

Her ailment was the same that afflicts many others. These things had lost their effect upon her. She had become habituated to them and did not regard them in the light of special blessings. She was without appreciation of her good fortune because it was a daily condition, and she accepted it as a matter of course, and so, life had grown monotonous.

Just here may be made an application of the following paragraph taken from a little book called The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman: "It is all-important to keep to the simple joys of living and loving—let the little daily cares—the seemingly inconsequent things, be dear to you, and let life itself be dear to you—as dear as it will—never spurn its pleasures, and, above all, know when you have them."

"Never spurn your pleasures, and, above all, know when you have them," is a good bit of advice to follow. The one who is constituted for enjoying life is fortunate. Environment has little to do with it, when one's sensibilities are alive to the best that life holds, and when one retains the gift of appreciation. Life never grows flat, stale or unprofitable so long as the gift of appreciation survives.

No one who has a comfortable home, pleasant friends, books to read, plenty to eat and wear, good health, and work to do, has a right to complain about having few pleasures. Those who will not be happy under such circumstances have none but themselves to blame. They are blind to the joys which are theirs for the taking.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage, and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

FROM SALOME OF MARYLAND

Dearie me, how time does fly! Here it has been nearly a year since I made you a call, and to be perfectly honest, I should not have come today, only it is too cold to work out of doors and I am tired of reading. Duty before pleasure is one of my mottoes.

Methinks I hear some one say in a very scornful, superior tone, "Work out of doors!"

Yes, ma'am, "work out of doors." I think it is the thing for a woman to work a little out of doors during pleasant weather. It makes them strong and healthy. If town mothers, who hardly raise a hand to work, should have a garden and attend to it themselves, they would very likely raise more and healthier children than they do. As in the case of our town. The "four hundred" do not raise half the children born, and those that are raised have pale, little faces, or misshapen little bodies, along with poor eyes, or no hearing. I am very fond of children and think it a shame to cause them to be so, simply through—well I'll give it the right names—and say laziness and money.

I make pin money by raising poultry. Guineas, turkeys and chickens are quite profitable where I live, but I advise mothers with very young children not to undertake guineas or turkeys, since they have to be run after and hunted all the time to make anything out of them except disappointment.

Talking about flowers causes me to tell about mine.

Our crocuses, hyacinths, snowdrops, scillias and narcissus are all in bloom and I would be pleased if I could send you all a boquet, but as I can't I'll have to be content with my intention.

I wish to thank "Alone" for her kindly interest in my last letter and also tell her that my "hobby" is not order, but I do like to have everything in its place.

I want to tell you about my souvenir library. I have a cloth bound book from nearly every state in the union. Now I'll tell you how I got them without stepping off of the farm.

I inserted the following in an exchange column:

"Salome, Denton, Md., wishes to obtain a cloth bound book from each state for a souvenir library. Drop postal with name of book you have and state what article you want in exchange."

It was great, the different things wanted. And some were so dishonest that they never sent the book, even after I had sent articles. But such is life and I got lots of pleasure and spent about $5, although I had a library of over four hundred books, cloth bound. Reading is my "hobby."—Salome of Maryland.

THE DISHES AGAIN

May another stranger enter your Corner? For sometime I have been a reader of The Blade and have been especially interested in the Dish Washing question.

"Grace," you have expressed my opinion on the subject exactly, but I cannot keep still and let others do all the talking if I can find even a small place to squeeze in. Of course as there are only two of us, there are not many dishes, but for that very reason I could not let them stand. Why not put your dish water on the stove (if you have no reserve) before you sit down to eat. Then, when your dishes are ready to wash, you have nice hot water to wash them in. How long does it take to wash the dishes for two? Not more than fifteen minutes. Then, "Housekeeper," why not wipe your dishes instead of letting them drain? Then you can put them away at once and, presto, your dishes are out of sight and ready for the next meal, if you should need them.

"Dossie," I do not quite understand you and I should like to know you better. I am also very fond of reading, but I think if you will try my plan and get your house in order and your dishes washed after each meal, you will find plenty of time for rest and reading, and I believe you will even enjoy it more. I do agree with you on the subject of your cleanly neighbor, however.

Here is my favorite quotation; of course you recognize James Whitcomb Riley:

This wonderful old world of ours
Is awful hard to beat;
With every rose you get a thorn,
But ain't the roses sweet!

Well, well, I did not intend to talk so long. I hope I have offended none, but helped some one.

I am going now, so good-bye my dear Double C's.—Bessie.

LITTLE, BUT A WORKER

I am 23 years old and have been married more than two years. I am older than my husband. We have a darling baby eleven months old. I am not very strong and am quite small, as I weigh only 95 pounds. I do all of the work, and there is plenty of it to do, as I am a farmer's wife.

In regard to helping earn a living, I try to do my share. I make from six to eight pounds of butter a week and that almost keeps us in groceries, that is, besides the eggs, I sell those mostly for cash. I like to raise chickens and think there is money in them. Of course, I don't feed them more than they will bring me. To feed them twice a day is enough. I never sell any hens until they get old, so you see how I make my pin money. Don't think I am bragging, but we went in debt for everything we bought when we married, and we had everything that was necessary. Now we are almost out of debt. We live on a good farm, it being rich ground and tiled, and have had good crops and not very much bad luck.

So many women grumble because their men don't do as well as others. Perhaps it is their fault. Some women think if their husbands have a few dollars in the bank they are rich. Soon they want this and that, and then the few dollars are gone. This is no way to help make money. I do not want any of the Cozy Corner readers to think I am stingy and do not care for anything but money, for I do. We have everything we care for and keep adding on, little by little.—Mrs. E. C. Burnet.

INQUIRY

Will someone please tell me how to make good soap, either soft or hard, with meat cracklings and extract of lye?—Sissy.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

May—To remove and prevent flesh worms, steam your face with a soft piece of linen or cotton, or a towel, wrung out in water as hot as you can bear it. Give it a good steaming to soften the skin. Rub in a little cold cream, wash in warm, soapy water, remove the flesh worms that will come out easily, being careful not to bruise the skin; dash your face with cold water, and apply an astringent to close the pores. Witch hazel is an excellent astringent. The face should have a good bath every day, first with warm water and soap and then with cold. Do not expect an immediate cure as it requires patience and perseverance to get results. Cleanliness and a good digestion are the greatest beautifiers.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

My friends, there is always cause for gratitude—not only for the blessings you possess, but for the troubles you don't have.

It is every woman's duty to be as good-looking as she can. She owes this to her husband, if she has one, to her family, her friends, and the world in general. There is nothing that adds so rare a grace and makes a woman look so charming as the light of a happy disposition beaming from her features.

Sis—Thank you for your good wishes and pleasant letter. "Plenty of work to do" always keeps one from being lonesome.

Those who have written to the Cozy Corner recently are Otach, Bunk, M. Ella Lehman, Old Scold and Sissy.

Please remember we do not print addresses in the Cozy Corner or send them through the mail.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Maryland Biscuits—To one quart of flour add one-half cup or less of lard a pinch of soda, or one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and salt. Mix well and moisten with water. The stiffer the dough is, the better. Too soft dough makes ruined biscuits. Work with the hands. Some beat the dough on a biscuit block, some run it through a meat chopper, but I work it on a bread board for twenty minutes. Form into very small biscuits and bake in a quick oven. Turn out on a bread cloth and serve warm, with butter.—Salome of Maryland.

Ham in Southern Style—To boil a ham in southern style, trim and wash it. Put on the fire in enough cold water to cover. Boil slowly until done. Take up in a large dripping pan. Pull off the skin and sprinkle well with sugar and powdered cinnamon. Set in a moderate oven until it browns a little. The sugar and cinnamon will penetrate every part. It is very fine.

Beef Loaf—Three pounds round of beef, three quarters pound of salt pork, one dozen crackers, three eggs, celery, onions, or sage for seasoning, also salt and pepper. Form into a loaf and bake in a roasting pan one hour and a half. —Mrs. S. E.

Corn Meal Crisps—Pour slowly one cupful of boiling water onto seven-eighths of a cupful of granulated yellow corn meal. Stir until perfectly smooth, and add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Spread as thinly and uniformly as possible (using a long broad-bladed knife) on a generously buttered inverted dripping pan. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned, and cut at once into three-inch squares. It is absolutely necessary that the water used in the preparation of these crisps should be poured from a teakettle of boiling water.

Parker House Rolls—Beat together at night one quart flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter (rubbed into the flour), a compressed yeast cake and one pint warm milk. Beat thoroughly, then cover. In the morning add flour to mould, without sticking, and let rise again. When light, work into a round ball, then cut into long strips about as large around as a rolling pin. These are then cut into biscuits, greased over with a bit of melted butter, patted down, then folded over so that the greased surface comes to the outside, with the edges almost together. As they rise they open a little. After rising about an hour bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

CONTRACTING LARGE PORES

Contracting large pores in the face is a change that cannot be quickly accomplished, for they are usually caused by indigestion as well as by external conditions, and it should be remembered that, were they shrunk at once to normal size the agent sufficiently powerful to bring this result would have disastrous after effects. In this treatment astringents obviously are the preparations to use externally, but with judiciousness, for they may either produce fine wrinkles or make the skin peel.

It is advisable when one has been selected to watch its effect with care, and at the first trace of dryness or a sensation of tightness a little grease must be applied.

Many astringents, though, not all, are slightly bleaching, and probably one of the most valuable is made from one ounce of tincture of benzoin, combined with one-half pint of pure alcohol of the best quality. Such a lotion is wiped over the face not oftener than twice a day and before going to bed, after the skin has been cleansed from impurities. The benzoin should dry on. It may be used as a substitute for water by adding a tablespoonful to a gill of water and half of one teaspoonful of glycerine. A soft old white muslin cloth dipped into this will clean the face far better than plain water, and the skin is tonicized at the same time.

Another and less expensive preparation, although the first is not costly, is made from one pint of camphor water, one-half ounce of pure glycerine and one-quarter of an ounce of borax, powdered. This may be applied frequently, both as a cleanser and a lotion, in the latter case the liquid drying on. Care must be taken when it is applied to remove dust thoroughly, otherwise it will be carried into the pores.

Alcoholic toilet preparations are always astringent, but as a rule may be used only sparingly, their action being very positive. If a toilet water of any kind is wiped over the complexion after cold cream, or grease in any form has been applied, it will be entirely cut and prevent injurious action.

White wine vinegar does this to perfection, and is excellent for the complexion. It should not be used oftener than once a day and may be diluted with an equal quantity of water. It is slightly bleaching.

Change to be made in the diet consists largely in avoiding anything fat or difficult to digest. That means sauces and gravies, pastries and all excessively rich dishes. Exercise also is essential, and care must be taken that the liver is performing its functions regularly.

POSSIBILITIES OF A BACK YARD

Just what can be done with the otherwise useless backyard is told in a short article in "The Pilgrim's Scrip" department of the April American Magazine. The author who signs himself "A Householder," gives many helpful suggestions, and some of them are as follows:

"When we moved into the house the back yard was not, like a lovely maid, a cheering sight to see. It was strewn with cans and bones, and brickbats and little ash heaps, and tufts of grass, and two thousand one hundred and seventeen other things that were out of place there. I know of the exact number of them for I collected them all and had them carted off. Also there were two sections of clay sewer pipe stuck upright in the ground, in each of them a geranium had been planted, their flaming red flowers blazing out like signals of distress.

"But Dimples only smiled when she saw it all. 'Just wait till next year,' she said, 'and we'll have a yard that'll be the envy of the ward. You just go out and dig and delve as I tell you; it's good, healthy exercise for you and other rewards will come next summer.' So I dug and I delved; then I did it some more; every morning during July, August and September I passed an hour before breakfast, and the same time before supper, at it. Our yard is about twenty-five by forty feet and I dug it all up to the depth of a foot and removed enough odds and ends of bygone days to lower its level appreciably. Down the middle I ran a three-foot wide brick walk, laid the bricks myself, say! that was more fun than a little. Every morning I'd lay about one or two feet of bricks, pound them down into their sandy bed, put a spirit level on them and then pound them some more until they were on the dead level for sure. Then came breakfast and I was ready to tackle my day's work. When the walk was finished I laid out a flower bed, two feet wide, along its entire length, on each side. Then in the wide space to right and left I built up a nice little round mound, each four feet in diameter.

"Then we invested about fifteen dollars in perennials, and we got a whole store full for that sum—hydrangeas, foxgloves, irises, paeonies, golden glows, evening primroses, hybiscus, lilies, heliopsis, pinks, asters and a whole lot more. It's only the initial expense that counts here, once planted, they keep on coming up year after year, finally they'll crowd you out of your own yard if you don't get after them with a spade.

"But now to the point—cheap vegetables. I've been quite a time getting there, on paper, in the garden it took me somewhat longer. When spring came Dimples ordered me to bring vegetable seeds along from the store, but I objected. I was perfectly willing to work in her flower beds, but I drew the line at truck gardening. But what's the use of objecting? We all do it, of course, but we give in all the same. So I brought parsley seed, and salad seed, and a pint of centie teentie little onions, and carrot seed, and one tomato plant, and radish seed and a lot of other kinds. Then Dimples planted them. The little onions were strung out among the gladiolas and tuberose bulbs, and their long green stems harmonized nicely. The parsley gave a nice ornamental border for four or five feet along one of the beds, the feather-spray tops of the carrots among the broad leaves of the hydrangeas and paeonies were taken for rare plants by many visitors, a rim of radishes was planted around the edge of one round mound and a rim of lettuce around the other; back of these were planted rows of zinnias in one bed and lady slippers in the other.

"In this way we had vegetables a-plenty all over the garden and you really didn't see them.

"And then, of a nice summer morning, I would go out into the garden and get a big bunch of crisp little red radishes for my breakfast, or a nice, juicy tomato from its fantastically tied up vines. Got them and enjoyed them the way store truck never can be enjoyed.

"That all started three years ago, now our neighbors to right and left have followed our example; they have seen The Possibilities of a Back Yard."

MORNING-GLORIES BEAUTIFIED THIS BACK YARD.
—From the Craftsman.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I thought I heard somebody say, "next." I guess that means Cherokee Girl, so here I come, slowly but surely.

Did you ever hear a Cherokee girl sing? If you never did you have missed something fine. There is nothing so sweet as a young Cherokee girl's voice, and many of them in perfect harmony is better, but I am only calling for a short time so must hasten. I have been impressed lately with my many blunders and mistakes. I hope the rest of you have not so many, but truly, it seems to me that half of my time I make mistakes; then it takes the other half to apologize and straighten things up and tell people what I did or did not mean.

Now perhaps I have the only trouble along this line, but the apology almost always makes things worse, but as it is a tried and true recipe I try it again and again. Sometimes it rises too high, is light and fluffy, in fact too light; then sometimes it is one-sided, but more often it falls flat.

I want to hear from some of you on the apology question. I have a sister who seldom ever apologizes, but gets on better than myself, so I am thinking seriously of adopting her method. To apologize or not to apologize, that is the question!

I must leave this subject and tell my dream of a few nights ago.

I dreamed of being in a very large building with a great number of people, whom I felt I knew, but none of whom I had ever seen before. It seemed we had all just lately arrived at this building which was in the heart of some city. I seemed to feel perfectly at home.

After awhile I fell to wondering why I was there, who these people were and all sorts of things. Presently I notice an M. G. R. badge on a young man's coat, then another, and directly three young ladies came up to me, each wearing the M. G. R. badge. I felt safe then, but never knew where we were.

I am such a believer in dreams and telepathy that this affair was lastingly impressed on my mind. I feel that I shall meet some of the other M. G. R.'s before the summer is gone.—Cherokee Girl.

I am a farmer and school teacher, living among the beautiful hills of West Virginia.

I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s are teachers.

West Virginia is noted for its high and numerous hills, beautiful scenery, fair women, ugly men and rabbit tracks, of which we natives are very proud.

West Virginia Moonshiner where do you live? Perhaps we are close neighbors. I live almost in sight of the Ohio river.

I see Pennemite Jake has given a good subject, in my opinion, to be discussed. Let's all turn out and help a little as the parson says.

I am of the opinion that our lives are just as we make them, by our daily actions, thoughts and words. If we place our mark high and work to reach it, wont we be better men and women for so doing?

God never willed it for any man or woman to be born into this world with a fate hanging to them, dragging them down into depths of shame and vice, or lifting them to the lofty pinnacles of fame and honor, as the case may be. God is just and He places man here, with his life and future to form just as he will, let him choose what he will.

Life is what we make it. So it behooves us to be up and doing, laboring to gain our goal of honor and fame.

No doubt we have difficulties, but we must never let them overcome. If we try we can find a lesson in each adversity we conquer, and it will make our hearts stronger for those to come.

Life is too real and earnest for us to waste a second in brooding over our sorrows. And what comes after life here? We must remember the grave is not the destined home of the soul, so perhaps if our lives here are filled with burdens and we find little pleasure, we shall be rewarded in the Land of Blissful Pleasure.

I will close by asking for a recipe for making good coffee. You see I am a bachelor who likes good coffee and a pipe.—West Virginia Schoolmaster.

Dear Fellow M. G. R's—I say "fellow M. G. R's" because if I am permitted I shall be delighted to call myself one of your circle. I think we now have some claims in common. Listen! I will explain. Miss Prudence is ever teaching us the noble principle of our motto, that the chief duty of life is to labor for the mental, moral and social improvement of mankind. I am a teacher in the public schools of Indiana, and for several years have been working with this very object in view, as I think every true teacher must do. "Train a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom," is an adage fraught with deep significance, especially to teachers, for it places so much of the responsibility for the welldoing of our future neighbors upon our shoulders. And, dear M. G. R's, if you that are not teachers will join hands with those of us who are, we may, thus united, accomplish so much more in the furtherance of our common object.

Since I was a lad of ten, some eleven years ago, I have enjoyed reading the M. G. R. column of The Blade very much. I am a Hoosier and live in southern Indiana near the banks and bluffs of that noble stream which Longfellow in his poem, Evangeline, was pleased to call The Beautiful River. And beautiful it certainly is. Will you stand with me on the bluffs which the Indians used as a lookout point, and which we today call "Fairview," and view the scenery? In front and below, stretches the river, one mile broad, deep, blue, peaceful and sweeping in one majestic curve for miles—first past two small islands, then between low, narrow valleys and by a quiet, leafy river town, now rushing onward through the sharpest part of the bend at our very feet, and finally melting away in the distance with a glimmer of sunlight. This is the grand "Horseshoe Bend" of the Ohio.

The bluffs on either side of the valley are heavily wooded, and the leaves, in the hands of the autumnal artist, present a picture which Croesus himself could not have purchased. On our left the famous "Indian Ridge," like some bold serpent, curves gracefully down towards, and finally merges, into "Indian Hollow" as if it would slake its thirst from the lazy stream which slowly meanders thence and loses itself in the river just below. It is here that the ancient Wyandotte trail converged upon the Ohio which the red man must ford before entering the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, just across the river, and the banks are yet thickly scattered with arrow heads and other relics of these bygone days.

Go with me a few miles farther to the left or east, some day, and we will take a trip through the equally famous Wyandotte cave, the home of Wyandotte Wyolyo, the god of this noble, though now extinct race of Indians. An abler pen than mine must picture the wonders of this cavern, which winds for twenty-three miles, a true underground paradise.—Wyandotte.

We have taken The Blade for several years and I am sure I enjoy reading it very much. I always look forward to Thursday of each week with pleasure, for that is the day we receive The Blade. I live in good, old Illinois and, although I like it, there are other states I like as well. I live in the country with my parents, one sister and one brother. C. C. W. your answer to the questions, "What You Consider Noble in a woman," was indeed very good. I think if I had tried to answer the question, I would have said something similar.—Evetta.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

The reunion is out and over and no more stragglers are allowed to enter. I hope a good time was "had" by all those present. As hostess in chief, I enjoyed the occasion. Some day we shall repeat it. Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.

Raoul de Coubert—Your request is granted. Come to see us again.

Wisconsin Margaret—You are welcomed "to our midst." Thank you for the songs.

Laurel Wreath, Blue-Eyed Mary of Kentucky, Gibson Girl and Dorothy K. have written to our column recently. We're glad to hear from you.

PLAYING HEN

"I AIN'T GOIN' TO BE A HEN."

"We're goin' to play hen," Katherine announced with an air of finality. "Yonder's the coop."

There was an immediate scramble in that direction. It was a foregone conclusion that Katherine herself was to be mistress of the hens, because she had a ten-year-old delicacy that the younger children couldn't understand—about getting into the coop.

"Ever' body that wants to be a hen hold up your hand." She caught a glimpse of Frank's rebellious face turned away. "Sh—oo—o!" she gathered up her skirts and hurried the children into the dark recesses of the coop, from which came distressed "squawks" from chickens held there against the day of slaughter. Jimmy leaned out to lift up the puppy, who was barking with delight at the idea of being a hen, and after him came the cat, ready to oblige by being anything.

Frank sulked and held back. Katherine turned on him in affected surprise. "Ain't you goin' to be a hen?" she demanded with pleasant directness.

"Naw," in disgust, "I ain't goin' to be a hen."

"All right," with dangerous politeness, "but if you ain't a hen and inside that coop in five minutes you shan't play. Shall he?" to the occupants of the latticed prison as they looked out between the cracks.

"Naw," emphatically. "He shan't."

"I wanter be a turkey," Frank pouted lonesomely.

"Well, you ain't goin' to be a turkey," Katherine firmly announced. "Tain't room in there for a turkey"——

"I wanter be a goose, then"——

"I told you you could be a hen or not play," arbitrarily. "I'll be back directly," to the coopful.

"When you goin' to feed us," Bob called after her with henlike curiosity.

"Wait and see," she answered mysteriously.

"I wouldn't get in that old dirty coop to save her life," Frank addressed the prisoners. "I'm goin' to tell mother, and she said the next time she caught y' all in it she was goin' to make father whip you——I wouldn't be an old hen!"

Frank's eyes grew big. Katherine was coming back out of the house, laden with apples and candy, nuts and little cakes. He had forgotten this was her birthday!

"I'm comin' to feed you, hens!" she called cheerfully, stooping to pick up the caramels that leaked from her apron.

Frank swallowed his ambition to be a turkey or a goose with a mournful little gulp.

"Wait, Katherine," he entreated, as she swept toward the coop with unseeing eyes in his direction, "I wanter be a hen. I was jes' funnyin'. Lemme in the coop!" He crawled meekly through the tiny door and his smiling face showed up at a crack a moment later, ready to be fed.

THE POETS' CORNER

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE

By Frederick Whittaker.

Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Far from our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat!
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed—
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrunk from that charge like a herd from a lion,—
Then closed around, the grim horde of wild Sioux!

Right to their center he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells; and around them, O see!
Over the hill-tops the Indians come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then, did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those tortusing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the Indians they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all 'bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War painted warriors charging amain.

Backward, again and again, they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lest little band;
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion-clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys,—we'll sell our lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

LUCY GRAY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"Tonight will be a stormy night!—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work,—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet dispersed the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

I'LL GO HOME TO DEAR OLD DIXIE

Far away, in dear old Dixie,
Where the orange blossoms grow,
And the mocking bird sings out his merry lay,
There's a little old log cabin
By the Suwanee river shore,
Where the old folks wait my coming home some day.
I can see them at the door,
As I did in days of yore,
When across the fields I came at evening tide;
I can hear their gentle voices
As they waved a welcome home
And they stand there in the twilight side by side.

CHORUS.

I'll go home to dear old Dixie,
Where the orange blossoms grow!
I'll go home to dear old Dixie,
Where the southern breezes blow,
And the mocking bird is warbling
In the sweet magnolia tree,
I'll go home to dear old Dixie,
Where the old folks wait for me.

How I miss my good old mother,
And indreams I see her still;
She is calling to the boy who left her side;
So I'll turn my footsteps homeward,
Back to dear old Dixie land,
'Tis the fairest spot in all the world so wide.
I can join the evening prayer
With the ones who wait me there,
While the mocking bird is warbling in the tree,
For my thoughts are ever turning
To that Suwanee river shore
And the cabin where my heart now longs to be.

THE TEMPERANCE SHEEP

Say, young folks, have you heard my story?
It was truly told to me,
The temperance scheme of John the farmer,
In the land of Genessee.
He told his boys one fine spring morning,
If they all the pledge would keep,
He'd give each one to help him remember,
Such a likely year-old sheep.

CHORUS.

Oh, the boys all said Oh, yes,
And John, the farmer, cried,
"Ho, ho, I've temperance sheep a-plenty,
Every one shall be supplied."

Now, I must own that John the farmer
Was a trifle apt to take
A wee bit drop from his decanter,
Only for his stomach's sake.
The temperance pledge a cure for folly,
All the young, he said, should keep
And new he felt, oh! uncommon jolly
As he gave away his sheep.

Well pleased, I ween, was John the farmer,
Until Jack, a sly young elf,
Said "Father, say, now hadn't you better
Take a year-old sheep yourself?"
Down fell the eyes of John the farmer,
And he kept them down until
He signed the pledge that lay on the table
As he said: "My boys, I will."

THERE IS A PLACE

There is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And the trees are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my fatherland,
By faith its delights I explore;
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore.

There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

There is a place where my friends have gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in His beauty they see.

There is a place where the angels dwell;
A pure and a peaceful abode.
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God.

HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

In the house of too much trouble,
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was eager for a toy;
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise
For the house of too much trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly
Or he failed to close the door.
In the house of too much trouble,
Things must be precise and trim—
In the house of too much trouble,
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be kept in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the house of too much trouble,
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the house of too much trouble,
He is silent and at rest—
In the house of too much trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

POEMS REQUESTED

Over the Waves is the title of a requested song.

The song entitled "Christmas at Sea" is wanted.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

PENNIES LEAD MEN TO AKE $32,034.81

See the fortunes made with Strange Invention. Of this sum Korstad (Farmer) made $2,212.13 in 2 weeks; Zimmerman (Farmer) $3,856 in 39 days; Sisseman (Artist) $2,481.68 in 60 days. No wonder, Cashman says:—"A man who can't sell your goods, couldn't sell bread in a famine." But listen! Rasp (Agent) in 9 days $1,685 in 73 days; Juell (Clerk) made $6,800; Ostlatt (Minister) $4,000; Cook $4,000; Rogers (Surveyor) $2,800; Hoard (Doctor) $2,200; Hart $2,000. This wonderful opportunity heretofore enjoyed by only a limited number now open to all. Hurrah! Hundreds already getting rich. You can too, why not. Experience don't matter. Allen's Bath Apparatus gives every home a bathroom for $5. Think of it! Energizes water, cleanses almost automatically, no plumbing. Could anything be more popular? Its irresistible. Reese saw 50 people—sold 35, result $320. "Sell 1 out of 10 houses" writes Maroney. LET US START YOU as agent, salesman, manager, cash or credit plan, all or spare time.

Note—This ad. won't appear again. Territory fast. Risk 1 cent now—a postal—for free proofs, and remarkable offer.

ALLEN MFG. CO., 1593 Allen Bldg, Toledo, O.

"Only I answered your ad."—A. P. Lodewick, Me.

MARRIAGE LOTTERY

l Who Won Land Won't Take Chances.

egory, S. D., April 1.—May Melser, Tennebec, former school teacher and h-owner, drew No. 1 in Uncle Sam's land lottery of Tripp county homeks. When at 9 a. m. April 1 the holders line up to select the quarsections they like, the best, Miss er will have first choice in the entire

s plucky young woman, who is a uct of the breezy prairies, already "spotted" what is said to be the parcel of land. She will establish ence upon her farm immediately. has already made arrangements with n who owns a gasoline power plow ve her "quarter" plowed and will t into flax.

e she drew the lucky number, Miss r has had hundreds of offers of rage. She has not seemed impressed any of her numerous suitors, and e is abundantly self-reliant, she will her own ranch to suit herself.

is thirty-two years old, has brown and light hair, and is of medium and rather plump.

re were over 114,000 original applins for homesteads at this opening. housand of these names were drawn many of the last few thousands will attempt to prove up on claims. It clared there are not more than 3,000 ns of value.

NG AS GODFATHER

ward to Favor Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ward.

ndon, April 4.—It is stated that Edward will be godfather to the of Mr. and Mrs. John Hubert Ward, was born March 24 last. Mrs. d was Miss Jean Reid, daughter e American ambassador.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THEM?

THE WONDERFUL TOXO-ABSORBENTS

They are doing the most wonderful work the world has ever seen in the cure of disease and the relief of suffering.

They cure by actually absorbing the poisons and disease from your body into their own.

Diseases heretofore incurable are cured by Absorption.

Patients in a dying condition have been cured in a short time.

Never give up until you have used the Toxo-Absorbents.

Thousands who had given up all hope are writing to us of their wonderful cures.

The Toxo-Absorbents are the Sensation of the Day wherever they have been used.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Tonsolitis and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs have been cured.

Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Abscesses, Ulcers and all kinds of Blood Poisons have been cured.

Goitres, Swelled Glands, Tumors and even Cancers have been cured.

Our Mails are loaded with letters which tell of the wonderful cures. The cures read like miracles. We can give but a few.

"I had a large Goitre which the doctor said could not be cured. I used the Toxo-Absorbents and was cured in a short time. The Toxo-Absorbents cured me. "FRANCES J. PERRY, Rochester, N. Y."

"I laid in the Hospital for eleven months with an eating ulcer and was discharged as incurable. I was better with the first application and was soon cured. Have had no trouble since. "F. E. BROWN, Medford, Ore."

"I was under treatment for three years for female disease. Three doctors gave up the case. The Toxo-Absorbents worked like magic and made a complete cure. "MRS. A. M. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y."

"I suffered for thirty years with Asthma and Bronchitis. The disease went to my lungs and the doctors said I could not live. The Absorbents were wonderful and made a complete cure. "MRS. L. A. PEACOCK, Lansing, Mich."

The Toxo-Absorbents are absolutely drugless and harmless and have infinitely greater curative power than drugs. They are entitled to your entire confidence.

All Books sent free. Send names of invalid friends. Tell us about your case. We want no cases we cannot cure.

TOXO-ABSORBENT CO. No. 2 Church St., Rochester, N. Y.

$1.00 Package Free To All

ery Man or Woman Can Have a Beautiful Head of Hair By Using The Wonderful Foso Treatment.

Foso Quickly Removes Dandruff, gs Falling Hair and Itching Scalp, nges Gray or Faded Hair to its ural Color. Grows New Hair.

en whose hair or beards are straggling all gone, women whose tresses have thinned by fever or hair falling out ring the use of switches; little children, boys and girls whose hair is coarse unruly; all find in this great remedy the relief that they want.

don't ask you to take my word it. Fill out free coupon below mail today for a free $1.00 package that will prove all I claim.

Free $1.00 Package Coupon

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 8838 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid free of charge.

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Give full address—write plainly.

$5.25 YEAR GUARANTEE

23 Jeweled Watches

$20 jeweled watches are the best, but few can afford to buy them. Our great Angelus Special watch patterned after the $20 jeweled R. E. watches that cost $50 to $100 has 6 ornamental adjustments, micrometric patent regulator, breguet hairspring, genuine and ornamental jewels in gold settings giving it the appearance of a genuine $20 jeweled watch. Solid 20-year, strong heavy 2 oz. dustproof screw case, is rare and, works absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. FREE EXAMINATION. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory pay express agent $5.25 and express charges and it is yours. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 382-386 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

WOULD HONOR GEN. BOOTH

With the rising of the sun upon England April 10, there will begin the most remarkable celebration of which the world has record. It will run completely about the globe with that day's light, will embrace men of all races, complexions and degree, will be observed with equal fervor in semipolar frost and under the equator, and will be the occasion of such an outpouring of love, gratitude, good will and congratulation, all directed upon one man, as surely no other one man has ever received.

General William Booth, founder, head and director of the Salvation Army, will be eighty years old on that day. Not alone the thousands of his officers and millions of his soldiers in fifty-four countries will join in observing the day, but the general's modest house will, doubtless, be almost submerged in a flood of messages from great men and good in all lands.

Has Tremendous Force.

Any one who has closely observed General Booth, on the platform or in private life, understands something of the tremendous force in the man that has driven him along his unparalleled career. He is a reincarnation of one of the fiery fathers of the ancient church, combined with a mind that works infallibly like a machine, and a genius for organization, method, system and efficiency. I doubt if there has been another combination just like that, and, according to the general run of human experience, we are not likely to have another.

The fervent, supreme, absolute faith of the church fathers has filled him incessantly with the conception of life as an opportunity to save souls for heaven; the gift of method has enabled him to organize and perfect a colossal system of militant soul-saving and benevolence that works always without a jar; a basic sympathy for all men that suffer has driven him to plan and devise constantly for their relief. The combination has made him a great modern apostle, both of faith and good works.

William Booth was born in Nottingham, England. His father was a merchant, for a time fairly well to do; his mother a saintly woman of unusual mind. The family was earnestly Episcopalian. When he was only fifteen years old, young Booth wandered purposelessly one night into a Methodist chapel. Being deeply impressed with the feeling and sincerity of the worshippers there, he went again, with the result that he experienced what is called conversion, and with the full consent of his mother (his father had died some years before) he became a member of the Methodist church.

Accepted Bible in Whole.

From the beginning he accepted the Bible literally. With all his heart and soul and mind he believed that the punishment of sin was eternal, that the atonement of Christ offered the only salvation. Having been saved himself, he was all afire with the conviction that he must save other men. He was ordained May 29, 1858.

Before that he added to his life one of the most profound and helpful influences. Every great man is made great, first by the woman that bore him, and second by the woman he is in love with. One Sunday William Booth, preaching in a Clapham chapel, had among his auditors Catherine Mumford, a young woman as zealous, as earnest, as much the primitive Christian as himself. She was deeply impressed with his sermon; she thought it the greatest sermon she had ever heard. When, a short time afterwards, they were introduced, they fell in love with each other. Two years later they were married. It was an ideal union. Catherine Mumford was of extraordinary force of character, strong, resolute, wise, executive and yet gentle.

The young minister began his career as an evangelist. After a few years the Methodist conference wished to change his work and make him a pastor. He believed his call was to evangelical work, and, on a point of conscience, he left the denomination and labored unattached in the revival field.

In July, 1865, having no church, no income, no money, no prospects and no support, except from his loyal and unfaltering wife, he began his first definite campaign in the East End of London, for his idea was and has always been that the efficient cure for slum conditions is Christianity.

Faces the Slums.

In an old tent, rotten, and, as subsequently developed, unsafe, pitched on a disused burial ground in the heart of Whitechapel, he fought his first battle with the slum. From his point of view, he met with instantaneous success. Every night scores of hardened wretches knelt in tears before him.

After a time he moved his tent to a hideous place called Mile End Waste, where one night the wind and the rain tore it to pieces. Not in the least dismayed, William Booth found a place for his tatterdemalion congregation, first in a dancing saloon, then in an old wool warehouse, much beset by hoodlums and hooligans, where the services were long enlivened with sticks, stones and firecrackers, hurled through the open windows. At last the young leader hit upon a master stroke. He hired a sadly disreputable theatre, and on its stage one Sunday afternoon gathered scores of men and women that had been reformed and almost remade by his mission. There they sat, former prize fighters, drunkards, thieves and prostitutes, testifying to their changed appearance as much as in their words to the new life they had found. And Mile End Road came and wondered.

From that time the work of the mission thrived and spread amazingly. Workers, reformed men and women, persons touched with the Booth fire of primitive Christianity came and offered their help. Branches were established in other slum regions; in halls, chapels or in the streets the meetings were held. Mr. Booth stood at the head of all and directed the campaign. A revival feryor possessed the great and neglected East End. The new movement, so based, took on a name. It was called the Christian Mission. By 1877 it had attained the extent and power of a religious sect. Without his volition or purpose, by the spreading of his chosen work under his hands, William Booth had become the head of a new church.

Name Chosen by Chance.

Its gradual transformation to its present form and the adoption of its present name are curious incidents in this story. "The Salvation Army" was never foreseen, nor was the name deliberately chosen by any one, but seemed to grow inevitably upon the organization. Contrary to general belief, the origin of the name was quite accidental. Mr. Booth, dictating one day to a secretary, used the words, "The Christian Mission is a volunteer army." The secretary wrote the sentence. Mr. Booth looked over the paper and with his pen substituted "salvation" for "volunteer" as the stronger word. When the letter went forth the phrase struck fire among the mission people. They took it up, repeated it, used it and forced it into circulation. As William Booth was the head of the movement, they naturally fell into the way of calling him "the general." The mission preachers were not ordained ministers, consequently there had never been an appropriate title for them; now men began to cal them "captains," and so by degrees the movement took on the semblance of a military system.

But its efficiency as a working force it owes solely to General Booth. So great is his faculty of organization, handling and inspiring men that Marshall Wolsey paid to him the greatest compliment he ever bestowed upon any man, and it is said that the British army has taken lessons in methods of organization, distribution and control from the Salvationists.

At first the new movement aroused savage opposition in two directions. Some of the churchmen denounced it as if it were an instrument of evil instead of good. Most of the middle class regarded it with scorn, ridiculed its methods and slurred its motives. The street ruffians frequently tried to break up the meetings and assaulted and beat the speakers. There were many shocking scenes and some that were revolting. The Salvationists never made the least effort to defend themselves. They were willing to die for their cause, if need be, but they would not lift a hand against a brother. Sometimes the officers that conducted the meeting stood with bandaged heads or covered with blood; but they went on with their meeting nevertheless.

Riots in Sheffield.

In 1882 there was a terrible riot at Sheffield. General and Mrs. Booth led the procession. The worst hoodlums in Sheffield swarmed into the streets. The few police were overwhelmed. One would have thought the gentle Salvationists were desperate criminals. With sticks and stones and fists the mob attacked the unresisting army, who pressed on with flags flying and band playing as well as it could. Neither the fact that many of their victims were women nor that none offered the least resistance made more difference to the mob than that the sole purpose of the Army was good. One Salvationist, Lieutenant Davidson, who had been a champion wrestler, was a conspicuous target because of his colossal size. He was beaten into insensibility uttering blessings on and prayers for his tormentors, and was taken with a fractured skull to the hospital.

General and Mrs. Booth, proceeding without flinching in the midst of the storm of missiles, reached the hall unhurt. As soon as the Army arrived its first business was to pray for the men that had attacked it. Any one might have known that an organization with such a spirit would some day encompass the earth.

In spite of mobs, violence, and still more in spite of calumny, misrepresentation and ridicule, the Salvation Army moved steadily on. It went to India, and organized posts; it spread to Sweden, to Canada and the United States. In 1882, the year of the Sheffield riot, it entered France, under the command of General Booth's eldest daughter, known as the Marechale.

Today the Salvation Army is at work in every corner of Europe, except only in Russia, where the jealous fears of the Russian priests still compel the government to bar the doors.

Beyond Europe, you meet it in Egypt, at Eden, through India and Burma, everywhere in Ceylon, through the Straits Settlement, in every town in Australia and New Zealand, in Hong Kong and Shanghai, in every great city of Japan. Lapland is organized in the north and Hobart in the south. The Salvation Army drums are heard about the world.

Its Immense Work.

Of the varied and incessant activities of this great force, you may gather an idea from statistics, and yet but an inadequate idea, for, of the help given to millions that need help most, what can any figures tell? The Salvation Army now occupies 54 countries and colonies, carries on its work in 28 languages, has 8,055 corps and outposts, 21,028 officers and cadets, 51,161 local officers, and 19,683 persons are members of its musical band. Think of close upon 20,000 musicians all enlisted in one cause! The circulation of its periodicals amounts to a million an issue. It has 786 social institutions of all kinds, 115 rescue homes and 193 shelter and food depots. In a year it supplies 10,000,000 free meals and 5,500,000 free beds.

Unobtrusively, steadily, unceasingly, it pushes forward its lines here in the United States. On October 1, last year, it had in this country 889 corps and outposts, 79 workingmen's hotels, 89 industrial homes, 24 posts for slum work, 24 rescue homes for fallen women, 3 farm colonies for the unemployed, 4 children's homes. In the preceding year its indoor meetings had been attended by more than 10,000,000 persons and its outdoor meetings by 1,662,531; it had supplied 2,240,251 beds and meals in its industrial homes. It had visited 27,089 families in the slums and rescued 1,614 girls through its rescue homes. And all this takes no account of the prison work, the care of former convicts, the temporary relief outside of the homes, the beautiful charities of Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners for poor children, nor thousands of other beneficent labors wherewith this organization is busy.

Every day General Booth is in intimate touch with the work in every part of the world, communicating by cable and letter with the department chiefs in each country, telling them what to do and how to do it, resistlessly urging on the work with the same boyish enthusiasm that burned in him when he was sixteen years old and stood in the Nottingham slums.

Has Hold on People.

His hold upon the hearts of the people is astounding. When he makes an automobile tour through England, the country roads are lined with his admirers, the sick and infirm are brought on cots to receive his blessing, traffic in the city streets is suppressed and thousands follow his car singing hymns.

And now this long record of generous devotion to human welfare he is crowned with a unique beneficence. He has planned a novel university—a University of Humanity. In it he proposes to train young men and young women, not for selfish and material carees, but for the highest of all ends—for service. A great, broad, advanced school, in which the students shall be instructed in the actual conditions of the race, and the means, practical and theoretical, whereby those conditions are to be alleviated, what is needed and how it is to be supplied, that there may come to the help of the times bands of workers familiar with all social problems and thoroughly equipped to deal therewith. As General Booth himself expressed it:

"I want to train men and women to deal with misfortune. I want them instructed and trained to combat with the weakness and sins of the drunkard, the criminal, the pauper and the would-be suicide."

Branches of the University of Humanity General Booth has planned for New York and Chicago. The raising of the necessary endowment fund will be begun on his birthday, and of all the observances that will mark his eightieth anniversary, nothing else will be so typical of the man and his career.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

By request we reprint the following: I read a recent article about a woman who invested $620 in improving a Mexican Homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year, from the sale of bananas from her orchard. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a Homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work; but if you wish, the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $500. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Jantha Plantation Company, Block 215, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

STORK LOSING GROUND

Birthrate in U. S. Has Fallen Amazingly in the Past Century.

Washington, March 31.—In the last century the birth rate in the United States has fallen in a surprising degree, according to figures compiled by W. S. Rossiter, chief clerk of the Census Bureau, and at the present time it is about the same as that of France. As the falling birth rate in France has occasioned that country grave concern and has stirred governmental action, it is not improbable that the United States may undertake an inquiry to ascertain the causes leading up to the steady dwindling families.

Mr. Rossiter's compilation is soon to be published by the Census Bureau. It makes interesting comparisons between the first census taken in the United States in 1790 and the one completed in 1900. Between the two dates the sizes of families is found to be invariably downward. Another feature of importance, taken in conjunction with the decreasing birth rate, is the steady tendency of population toward the cities and away from the towns and country.

Stark Not Encouraging.

There is a distinct connection between the reduction in families and the increasing movement of population toward the cities, in the opinion of the census officials. The apartment house, "flat" and the tenement room do not encourage large families. The struggle for existence in the large cities also is more wearing and exhausting than under conditions that obtain in small towns or in the rural distrcts.

In his forthcoming report Mr. Rossiter shows that, while the total population of the United States increased rapidly from 1790 to 1900, the relative population of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore increased even more rapidly. In 1790 the population of these four cities formed only 2.4 per cent. of the total, but in 1900 they included within their confines 7.6 per cent. of the population of the country.

Startling Effect.

Some idea is given of the startling effect of the falling birth rate when the report points out that had the average size of American families remained the same in 1900 as it was in 1790, the United States would have a native population greater by 20,000,000 persons.

"It may be claimed," says Mr. Rossiter, "that the people of the United States have concluded that they are only about half as well able to rear children, at any rate without personal sacrifice, under the conditions which prevailed in 1900 as their predecessors proved themselves to be under conditions prevailing in 1790."

As between the two censuses, the reduction in the percentage of children to each family has been more than half. The number of children under sixteen years of age to each family in the Colonial days was 2.8, as compared with 1.5 in 1900.

FREE GOLD WATCH & RAZOR

equal to a $20.00 SOLID GOLD watch for time & utility. Guaranteed GOLD plate, Am. movement, stem wind & set; also a fine safety razor same principle as $5.00 safety razor, gives clean quick shave, simple & easy to operate. Both FREE for selling only 10 boxes of our Candy Cathartic at 25 cts. a box. We send it by mail. When sold send us the $2.50 & watch & razor is yours FREE. Write now

West. Remedy Co. Dept. 2, c 1245 N. Halsted St. Chicago

FORCED TO BEND KNEE

Servia Backs Down From Her Haughty and Warlike Attitude.

Vienna, March 31.—The Servian minister, M. Simitch, handed to Foreign Minister Von Aehrenthal at midday today a note from his government that marks the conclusion of the difficulty betwene Austria-Hungary and Servia over the annexation by the former power last fall of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

First, Servia declares that her rights have not been violated by the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina and accepts the powers' decision to annul paragraph 25 of the treaty of Berlin.

Second, Servia will not protest against the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Third, Servia will maintain peaceful relatiosg with Austria-Hungary.

Fourth, Servia will return her military forces to normal conditions, and will discharge the reservists and volunteers; she will not permit the formation of irregular troops or bands.

This note has been prepared at the suggestion of the powers, and is sent with the object of terminating all misunderstandings between Austria-Hungary and Servia.

It was officially declared here this afternoon that the Servian note had been approved by the Austro-Hungarian foreign office, which will reply in this sense through Count Forgach, the minister at Belgrade. The crisis between Austria-Hungary and Servia is thus declared at an end.

Now, What D'ye Think of That?

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?
—Boston Transcript.

Leaders of Salvation Army

General William Booth and His Daughter, Evangeline, Commander of the Amerisan Forces. —Copyright by Falk, N. Y.

CERVERA BURIED

Soldiers and Blue Jackets Carry Body of Santiago Hero to Grave.

Madrid, April 5.—Vice Admiral Pascual Cervera, who died Saturday night, was buried yesterday afternoon. The body was placed in a simple black coffin and borne on the shoulders of soldiers and blue jackets to the grave, where a salute of 21 volleys was fired. In accordance with the admiral's request, there were no flowers.

The newspapers, in commenting on the death of Admiral Cervera, recall the warm praise bestowed upon him by the Americans after Santiago.

Well Known in U. S.

Admiral Pascual de Cervera y Topete Conde de Jerez, marquis de Santa Ana, or, as he was better known, Admiral Cervera, was perhaps better known to the people of the United States than any other naval officer of the old world. This was because of the disastrous defeat at Santiago on July 3, 1898, and his subsequent detention in the United States as prisoner for several months.

He was born in the province of Jerez, Spain, in 1835, his father being a man of great wealth and his mother, Maria Topete, belonging to a branch of the royal family. Cervera entered the naval academy at San Fernando, Spain, at an early age and was graduated in 1851.

After service in Cochin, China, water in 1862 he returned to Spain to accept the post of minister of marine on the cabinet. He quit the cabinet subsequently to take command of the battleship Pelayo.

Created a Panic.

Cervera became a prominent figure in the Spanish-American war. He was in command of what was popularly known at that time as the Cape Verde fleet. The approach of so formidable a fleet to American shores created something like a panic in the coast cities of the United States. Admiral Schley, with a flying squadron, was dispatched to the southern coast of the island of Cuba, while Admiral Sampson, with a heavier squadron, guarded the Windward passage.

The movements of Admiral Cervera's squadron were hidden in mystery for many days after its appearance at Martinique, but finally on May 17 it was reported at Curacoa, a Dutch island off the north coast of South America. From Curacoa Cervera took his fleet direct to Santiago, where he was finally discovered by Admiral Schley on May 29 and blockaded by the combined squadrons of Schley and Sampson. Lieut. Hobson made an unsuccessful attempt—fortunately, it afterwards transpired—to block the entrance to the harbor by sinking the collier Merrimac.

Congratulated Hobson.

At this time Cervera showed his heroic character by congratulating Hobson on his bravery in attempting the "bottling up." He previously had caused the rescue of the young lieutenant.

The blockade of Santiago continued until the arrival of the army of invasion under command of Gen. Shafter. The land battles of Las Guesismas, El Caney, and San Juan followed on July 1 and 2, and on July 3 Cervera's fleet made a dash from the harbor in a hopeless effort to break through the blockading squadron and escape. The battle of Santiago followed, and in a few hours every vessel in Cervera's fleet was ashore, battered into an unrecognizable mass of iron and steel.

About 1,510 Spanish officers and sailors were killed or wounded, and Admiral Cervera with 1,774 of his officers and men, taken prisoners.

The prisoners were taken to the United States, being cared for at Portsmouth, N. H., and Annapolis.

September 12 following Admiral Cervera and his men were returned to Spain. He was court-martialed for his loss of the battle of Santiago, but his honor was untouched by the verdict.

AGAIN AT STANDARD

Government Begins Its New Effort to Dissolve Great Rockefeller Organization.

St. Louis, Mo., April 5.—Special Assistant to the United States Attorney General, Frank B. Kellogg, filed his brief of 1,400 printed pages with the clerk of the United States circuit court of this city today and commenced his argument, after two years of evidence taking, in the government's suit to dissolve the gigantic Standard Oil corporation of New Jersey, for alleged violations of the Sherman act.

The case is tried before the full circuit court bench, Judges Sanborn, Vandevantor, Hook and Adams.

Big Array of Counsel.

The arguments in behalf of the government will be made by Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul, and former United States Attorney Morrison, of Chicago. The oil corporation will be represented by John G. Milburn, of New York; Moritz Rosenthal and John S. Miller, of Chicago; David T. Watson, of Pittsburg, and John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia.

Seldom, if ever, has such a mass of evidence been compiled in a single case. The record, including the exhibits, already exceeds 7,000,000 words, all taken by one stenographer, Robert S. Taylor, of St. Paul. Printed, the evidence is more voluminous by several volumes than a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The major portion of the testimony was taken in New York city. John D. Rockefeller and John D. Archbold having been among the many notable witnesses called to the stand.

Conspiracy Is Charged.

The Standard Oil company of New Jersey, the parent organization, together with its various subsidiary corporations, and seven individuals, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, Henry H. Rogers, John D. Archbold, Oliver H. Payne and Charles M. Pratt are charged with having entered into an agreement, combination and conspiracy with one another to restrain trade and commerce among the several states, to monopolize trade and commerce in the purchase of petroleum, in the shipment and transportation of petroleum by pipe line, by steamship and by rail, in the manufacture and refining of petroleum and in the distribution, sale and shipment of products of petroleum.

The United States seeks perpetually to enjoin the defendants from doing any acts looking to the carrying out of the alleged combination or conspiracy and to dissolve the Standard Oil combination.

In his argument Mr. Kellogg charged that in the formation of the original Standard Oil company of Ohio men controlling the principal railways of the country, necessary to the conduct of the oil business, were taken in as stockholders. Through this, he claimed, rebates averaging 40 per cent were secured and all of the then independent refiners were forced into the so-called Standard Oil "trust." He charged that through this advantage the defendants had exercised control of the situation from that time to the present.

PRISON IS DESTROYED

Twelve Hundred Soldiers Are Called Out to Guard Convicts at Fort Leavenworth.

Leavenworth, Kan., April 1.—It took 1,200 United States soldiers to maintain order and to prevent prisoners from escaping during a fire which destroyed four buildings of the federal military prison here early today.

All the 800 prisoners were marched out of their cell houses when it seemed that the whole prison certainly would be destroyed and were held under heavy military guard until the fire was under control. Then after some of the cell houses had cooled sufficiently they were marched back again.

Double Lines Are Posted.

After bugle calls were sounded, the first guard line was placed about 150 feet from the prison wall and the men in it were stationed 10 feet apart. The second was 200 feet farther back. The companies were extended in open order. Through this line no none except an officer or a soldier on duty was allowed to pass.

Col. Loughborough saw the danger of the situation when the leaping flames got near the cell houses and ordered the prison provost guard to unlock the doors. The 800 prisoners fell in, each convict with his hands on the shoulder of the man in front of him. At double-quick they marched to the farthest corner of the prison enclosure. There they huddled while 100 prison guards guarded them with leveled rifles. Two of the terror-stricken crowd of convicts fainted.

Firemen Are Helpless.

Half an hour after the fire broke out the Leavenworth city fire department reached the fort. Nothing could be done to save the burning buildings, however, and the firemen devoted their attempts to saving the main structure and keeping the fire from the military prisoners.

All the sick prisoners were removed from the prison when the fire first was seen. The records were taken from the administration building also and preparations made to blow it up if necessary.

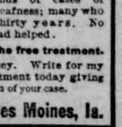
A new military prison is under construction and it is not probable the burned buildings will be rebuilt.

WAS 1,000 YEARS OLD

New York, April 2.—Methuselah died here yesterday at his home in the Bronx zoo. He was 1,000 years old. His death is ascribed to ills incident to old age.

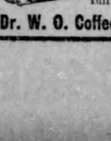
Methuselah, also known as Rameses II., was a toad which was discovered in a rock pocket in a mine 500 feet below the surface at Butte, Mont., two years ago. His age was carefully computed by the zoologists and geologists.

CATARRH DEAFNESS CURED.



FREE My Mild Home Remedies which are curing thousands afflicted with Catarrh and Deafness sent to you free for 15 days.

No matter how much you have suffered, or what form of catarrh you have, or who has pronounced your case incurable; no matter how deaf you are, I want you to try my treatment fifteen days at my expense. I have cured thousands of cases of catarrh and deafness; many who had suffered thirty years. No other doctor had helped.



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Send no money. Write for my free trial treatment today giving full description of your case.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 177 Des Moines, Ia.

GOMEZ MAY RETIRE

President of Venezuela in Terror as Former Dictator Nears Home.

Willamstad, Island of Curacao, April 5.—The government of Venezuela is in a panic and it is reported here on what is considered good authority that President J. Vicente Gomez is about to turn over affairs to J. A. Velutini, the vice president of the republic, and seek seclusion in some spot where the timber is exceedingly tall or where the guns of foreign war ships will be able to assure him protection.

One man, small in stature, but in power so big that his shadow falls across the country, even though he is far out at sea, is the cause of the turmoil. He is former President Castro, dictator of his nation, but hailed by many as its protector from foreign aggression.

Castro and Revolt Near.

Every day brings Castro nearer to the shores he was forced to leave to seek health in Europe, and appearances are that the prediction of a revolution on his return will be realized sooner than was expected.

It was to Gomez that Castro turned over the government when he left Venezuela. The understanding was that Gomez was to rule and turn the government over to Castro when he should return. Gomez, however, was fired with ambition, and Castro had been out of the country only a short time before a wild story was sent out of a plot to assassinate Gomez. According to Gomez this was done at Castro's orders, and the dispatches sent out to the world told how the heroic vice president, single-handed, went out, revolver in hand, overawed a whole regiment of soldiers and made Castro's brother prisoner.

The story at the time was taken with a grain of salt. It was repeated to Castro, who at the time was in France. Castro was asked if he sent a cablegram that Gomez be assassinated, and replied: "If I had wanted him killed I would have had it done before I left. The story is foolish."

Gomez Lays Plans Well.

Gomez proceeded to reorganize the government and made peace with the great powers. He granted all the demands made of him, and had the courts indict Castro on charges of conspiring to murder. He arranged things so that he thought the former president would never return to his own land.

To all these acts Castro paid not the slightest heed. He went to a sanitarium, remained till his ailment was cured, and then started for home as calmly as though nothing had happened. Before he sailed from Bordeaux he more than hinted that he planned to start a revolution as soon as he got home.

It was decided by the steamship officials that they would not land Castro in Venezuela, but would put him off at Port of Spain, Trinidad. This port, however, is near enough to form a basis for revolutionary movements.

Rising May Be Success.

Castro is the idol of his people, and Gomez's government has proved far from popular. It is believed here that there will be a successful revolution the moment Castro sets foot on Venezuela soil, and that it will go hard with Gomez should he be caught. Therefore, Gomez's reported intention to resign at once is given credence.

J. Velasco, governor of the state of Tachira, and husband of ex-President Castro's sister, is now on his way from Maracaibo to La Guayra, on board the steamer Maracaibo. He is accompanied by his wife, and it is believed that their visit to La Guayra at this time has to do with the approach of the former president to Venezuelan shores.

FIND BODY OF MOON

Flint Lad Not Kidnaped as Supposed, but Drowned While Skating on Pond.

Flint, Mich., April 3.—Instead of having been kidnaped when he disappeared from his home here, on February 27, 10-year-old Harold Moon fell through the ice of Thread pond and was drowned. Rewards aggregating $1,300 had been offered for his return to his home.

The long search for the boy which has been prosecuted in all parts of the country ended today when his body was found floating on the surface of the pond by Bert Robson, who had been searching for it there for days. A pair of skates fastened to the little fellow bore mute testimony to the manner of the lad's death. The small hands were still covered with the mittens which the boy wore when he went through the ice.

Tuman N. Moon, the boy's father, is supposed to be in Chicago today investigating reports that his son had been seen there. A telegram was sent immediately to Mr. Moon, notifying him of the finding of the body.

Fake Ransom Lure.

Luman N. Moon, father of Harold, left here Thursday night for Delavan, Wis., near Chicago, in response to a letter which he had received from an anonymous correspondent who promised to deliver up his boy upon the payment of a ransom of $500. Pinkerton detectives were to meet Mr. Moon in Chicago, and accompany him to Delavan to make an investigation before the father paid out any money.

The letter states that the writer had Harold Moon in his possession, and that if the father would come to Delavan at a certain time, on a certain train, and deposit $500 at the mouth of a cannon on the open square in the town, that the boy would be returned to him inside of a half hour. It was the father's intention to write a note and leave it in the cannon saying that if the kidnapers would have Harold write him a letter in his own handwriting, he would immediately put the money in the cannon.

Developments show that the scheme was arranged by a person who had read the details of the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, of Sharon, and who sought merely to extort "easy money" from a frantic father.

Mr. Moon, as soon as he received the letter conferred with influential citizens in his home town, and a purse was raised to employ detectives to hunt the supposed kidnaper.

Moon then took a train for Chicago. He arrived there Thursday evening and went at once to the detectives' office, where he told his story and showed the anonymous letter which he had received. The detectives planned a ruse to capture the alleged plotter. An operative was sent to Delavan in advance, and moon left Friday afternoon, to arrive at 5:40 p. m., in accordance with directions in the letter. Today news of the finding of Harold Moon's body in a pond near his home was received by the detective agency, and it at once began an effort to communicate with their operative and Mr. Moon at Delavan.

The manager of the detective agency said:

"Since Mr. Moon left for Delavan we have heard nothing from him. It is possible that the father may have heard of the finding of his son's body in the pond, and is on his way here. We are now convinced that the writer of the letter was induced to extort money from the frantic father as a result of reading of the Whitla case, and, of course, he never saw the Moon child. The Chicago police have been notified of the circumstances."

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

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Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
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SECURITY CO., 816 S. Water St., CHICAGO.
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YOU CAN STOP
Your Husband, Son or Friend from **DRINKING**
Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking, either with or without his consent, and without danger to him or loss of his time. It will cost you nothing to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds, and never heard of a case where it failed. Address E. Fortin, R. 103, Chicago, Ill., 93 Dearborn Street. Absolute secrecy promised.

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No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 8, American Express Building, Chicago.

Constipation
Common Red Clover, known to Quakers many years as a remedial agent, has by Yankee push and good results come to the front as an excellent remedy for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Rheumatism, Constipation and all blood diseases. We manufacture a pure, solid extract from the blossoms. It is for sale by druggists at $1.00 a jar or will be sent direct, prepaid, on receipt of $1.15. Send for pamphlet containing full information and testimonials. Business established thirty years. D. Needham's Sons, 421 Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Wants to put 100,000 new customers on its books within the next few weeks and as an inducement makes the following introductory offer:

12 BOTTLE CASE FINEST WHISKEY FOR ONLY $5

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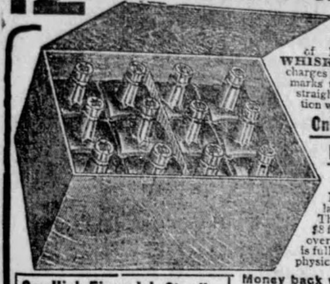

Send us $5.00 and we will send you a case of EXTRA SPECIAL DISTILLATION WHISKEY in 12 large full 16 ounce bottles, all charges prepaid to your nearest express station without marks to betray contents. The whiskey is the finest straight whiskey (no spirits, no compounds, no imitation whiskey—nothing but a blend of straight whiskies.)

Only 5000 Cases to be Sold at This Price—Send for a Trial Order Today

Green Mountain Extra Special Distillation Whiskey has been originally put up for the Drug trade in the New England states, where a large demand for a pure high grade whiskey exists. The retail druggists pay to the large drug jobbers $8 for the 12 bottle cases, and the druggist sells it over the counter at $1.00 per bottle. The whiskey is fully and thoroughly matured, and is intended for physicians' prescription purposes.

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PAJAMA TEA THE RAGE

Skirts So Uncomfortable in California.

San Francisco, April 5.—"The Pajama Tea" is the latest sensation of Oakland. Eleven young women, members of the Sotowa club, in silken and satin pajamas, were entertained in this most original way at the home of Miss Effie Thatcher. The eleven young women are pretty and popular. News of the affair has been spread broadcast, and there is a buzzing among the social elect. Some condemn the pajama tea and others seize it as a child would a new plaything.

It is being talked of between the sipping of tea and the playing of five hundred and bridge whist.

It all happened when Miss Thatcher invited the ten girls to her home to commemorate the fifth anniversary of their club. Over the telephone Miss Thatcher asked that each one come attired in pajamas.

"Oh, that's jolly," was the general assent. "Won't we have a dandy time? I always did hate skirts."

So in pajamas they came. There were tea and cards and dancing and music.

"I simply decided to follow out the Japanese idea of entertaining," explained the hostess. "When I told my plan to the girls they were delighted with it. Pajamas are much more comfortable than party gowns."

Here are the young women who broke conventional traditions: Miss Effie Thatcher, Miss Jule Glisman, Miss Leah Stutt, Miss Alvina Dunn, Miss Nellie Hatcher, Miss Esther Rohl, Miss Anna Rohl, Miss Beulah Allen, Miss Ethel Hogan and Miss Anna Craig.

MAKES BUDS SLEEP

Columbia, Mo., April 5.—"Sh! Don't waks up the little peach buds."

Dr. W. L. Howard, secreary of the state board of horticulture, has found a way to make the peach buds sleep later in the spring and escape destructive freezes. The crop in Missouri is a failure three years out four, and Dr. Howard hopes to bring about a crop as often as there is a failure.

Peach buds lie dormant six weeks of the year anr all the rest of the time they grow, if the weather is warm enough. Dr. Howard's plan is to keep the buds growing later in the spring. By cultivating the earth about the trees they will continue to grow far into the fall. Only cold weather will put them to sleep. They will then not begin growing the first warm weather in winter, but will be able to withstand the cold later.

In case of a peach failure, Dr. Howard prunes all the branches from the trees. To produce the young wood the trees will be kept growing until the cold weather stops them. By combining these two methods with spraying the trees with whitewash, peaches are made a surer crop. The white of the lime forms on the fruit buds and reflects the heat of the sun on warm days, and the buds do not grow until the permanent warm weather or late spring arrives.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescrtption for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

JEKYLL AND HYDE LIFE

Woman in Society by Day and in Slums at Night.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 5.—Associating with society men and women in amateur plays at the Bellevue-Stratford one day and descending to the level of tenderloin habitues the next is declared to have been the Jekyll and Hyde life led by Mrs. Iona Mae Nolan Murray, an accomplished amateur actress and educator of this city, whose body was found in a cheaply-furnished rooming house at No. 467 North Ninth street.

In probing her death, Coroner Ford was astounded by the double life led by the unfortunate woman. Her mind, it is asserted, had been unbalanced by the death of her husband, James E. Murray, at Rome, about two years ago, and by the subsequent struggle she had with the Italian authorities for possession of his body.

Before her husband's death Mrs. Murray took part in only those productions for charity which her church sanctioned and after scoring a hit as Portia in a good production of The Merchant of Veniec at the Academy of Music, ten years ago, she turned a deaf ear to a flattering offer to become a "star."

Coroner Ford has discovered that since her husband's death she has had irrational spells, during which she would disappear from her parents' home and wander from resort to resort in the tenderloin. At first she remained away only for a day or two, but finally her periodical lapse lengthened, and when she died she had been missing from home since March 22. She will be buried tomorrow morning from her parents' home.

Mrs. Murray was to have taken a leading part in the presentation of The Second in Command, a play in which John Drew gained success, at the Bellevue-Stratford, on April 16, for the benefit of the Plastic club. Her associates would have been men and women socially prominent.

ROGER'S ROAD OPENED

Virginians Flock to Norfolk in Honor of Oil Magnate.

Norfolk, Va., April 2.—The opening of the Virginian railway, extending from Sewell's Point, Norfolk, to Deepwater, Va., on the Kanawha river, a distance of 446 miles, occurred today with a most auspicious celebration here, made more notable by the presence of H. H. Rogers, who personally built the "Virginian" at a cost of about $40,000,000; Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), and several prominent New York financiers interested with Mr. Rogers in the undertaking.

The celebration festivities began with the arrival early in the day of 625 people from along the line of the new system, on a special train of twelve coaches and two Pullman cars. It was an enthusiastic crowd, all wearing the Virginia colors, orange and white. The arrival of the excursion train was followed two hours later by the arrival of Mr. Rogers and his guests, on the New York steamer Jefferson. A large party gave the distinguished visitors a marked ovation.

The day was filled with events of interest, the program of entertainment for the visitors including an inspection of the Norfolk harbor, the new Virginian coal piers at Sewell's Point, the largest in the world, with a dumping capacity into ship bottoms of 36,000 tons per day, and finally a reception to Mr. Rogers and his guests. Mr. Rogers will be the guest of honor at a $20 per plate banquet here tomorrow night.

The Virginian railway, begun in March, 1892, was completed February 17, 1909. More than 1,000,000 acres of coal lands in West Virginia have been made accessible by it and the road has opened up a country never before enjoying railway facilities.

E. A. HITCHCOCK ILL

Washington, April 5.—Ethan Allen Hitchcock, former secretary of the Interior, is critically ill at the home of his son-in-law, Commander W. S. Sims, U. S. N., and grave fears for his recovery are entertained. Mr. Hitchcock has been confined to his bed for the past two weeks, suffering from heart and kidney trouble, and he has had several sinking spells during the past few days.

NO REFUGE FOR CASTRO

England Takes Action Upon Urgent Request of the United States Government.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, April 6.—At the urgent request of the state department at Washington, communicated to the London foreign office, the British government has decided not to permit Cipriano Castro, former president of Venezuela, to land at Trinidad.

Pointe a Pitre Guadeloupe, April 6.—The steamer Guadeloupe, with Cipriano Castro, the former president of Venezuela on board, arrived here today from France. She will stay in port over night and continue on her way tomorrow. Her next stopping place is Basse Terre, Guadeloupe. Senor Castro did not come ashore here.

SALOONISTS CLOSE DOORS AS WET ARGUMENT.

Cincinnati, April 5.—In order to impress upon the voters the dryness of a "dry town," all the saloonkeeprs and liquor dealers of Ashland, Ky., several days ago closed up their saloons and turned the keys over to Mayor Mathewson, who is to keep them until after the local option election to be held in Boyd county today. In addition to this, they also deposited $200 which is to be forfeited in case anyone should be seen entering any saloon or liquor store of Ashland until after the election.

The contest between the "wets" and "drys" there is being waged with marked intensity. Including Spencer county, which voted "dry" Saturday by nearly 600 majority, 95 of Kentucky's 119 counties are now dry, and several more elections under the county unit law are in prosject.

SHIP BLOWS UP

Bark That Carried Oil From United States Is Destroyed in France.

Marseilles, April 1.—The French tank bark Jules Henry, Captain Escoffier, in the oil trade between Philadelphia and Cette, blew up this monring and was totally wrecked. Twelve members of her crew were killed and many others wounded. The bark arrived at Cette, March 22, from Philadelphia.

A representative of the Veritas agency, accompanied by the second officer, was inspecting the vessel at the time she blew up. In the course of their work the two men entered the tank hold. Immediately after there was a tremendous explosion. The entire deck of the bark was lifted and the forward portion of the ship was wrenched off. Twenty men of the crew, at work painting and repairing, were blown into the air. Great sheets of fire shot up from the vessel and in a few seconds she was enveloped in flames.

Prompt aid came from neighboring ships in the harbor, but it was impossible for the small boats to get close into the burning vessel. Six burned and mutilated bodies have been recovered from the floating wreckage. A number of wounded men also have been brought assore. Others still are missing and undoubtedly perished.

The second officer and the agency inspector were thrown high in the air by the force of the explosion. They are still alive, but are not expected to live.

The Jules Henry discharged her cargo at Cette and arrived here March 27 with her tanks empty for inspection. It is presumed that the oil fumes in the tanks exploded.

STEAMER SINKS; 21 ARE MISSING

London, April 5.—A dispatch to Lloyds from Punta Arenas, Chile, says that the British steamer Oak Branch struck what is supposed to have been a derelict in the straits of Westminster and was abandoned in a sinking condition. The first officer and eighteen of the crew and passengers were landed safely, but the captain and twenty persons are missing.

MARRIAGE TO ORDER

Preacher Weds So He Can Get Pastorate.

Baltimore, April 2.—The Rev. Edward Barber, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, a popular young preacher, who has been in charge of Emmanuel church, near Laurel, Md., came to Baltimore to attend the conference of his brethren, and to see if it were possible to get another church on a circuit in Virgina.

"Now, brother," said he presiding elder, laying his hand on the shoulder of the young minister, "if you were married you would fit that place, but unmarried you had better not have it. That post is for a married man."

Without loss of time Mr. Barber got into communication with Laurel, and in a few hours Miss Tita Mildred Welsh, the 18-year-old daughter of Lemuel Welsh, was on her way to Baltimore.

Upon her arrival here yesterday Miss Welsh was taken to the home of the Rev. William A. Carroll, an intimate friend of Mr. Barber, and a marriage was promptly celebrated. Last night Bishop Candler gave the desired post to the enterprising minister.

CIRCUS SEASON HERE

Barnum's Open Outside of New York City.

Chicago, April 2.—The Barnum & Bailey circus opened its season here last night, the first time in forty years that an initial performance of the show has been given outside New York city.

The reason for the change of the opening base is that the Barnum property recently passed into the control of Ringling brothers. For many seasons these two rivals in the circus field held tenaciously to New York and Chicago. Barnum & Bailey to Madison Square Garden and Ringling Brothers to the Coliseum.

Ringling Brothers sought often to open in New York, but were kept out by their rivals, who held the only available auditorium.

TEMPERANCE VICTORY

Saloons Abolished in 19 Out of 27 Counties by Monday's Election in Michigan.

VOTED DRY.

Alcona	Allegan
Benzie	Branch
Calhoun	Clare
Eaton	Emmett
Genesee	Hillsdale
Isabella	Jackson
Kalkaska	Livingstone
Newago	Sanilac
Tuscola	Charlevoix
	Ionia.

VOTED WET.

Berrien	Huron
Montcalm	Mecosta
Ottawa	Washtenaw
Monroe	Iosco

Detroit, Mich., April 6.—Upwards of six hundred saloons and ten breweries will be forced out of business in the 19 counties of the state which voted "dry" at yesterday's election. Early returns gave the "drys" 20 of the 27 counties in which the liquor question was voted upon, but later figures swing Iosco county, which had 17 saloons, into the "wet" column by 172 majority. In the eight counties which the liquor interests carried there are a total of about 300 saloons, giving the Anti-Saloon league victory over two-thirds of the saloons which they attacked.

The slender majority of forty-one votes which the drys received in Jackson county, where there is a population of 47,000, indicates the bitterness of the fight that was carried on there. A recount is considered a certainty in this county. Washtenaw, Berrien, Monroe and Ottawa counties were the four big wet counties. Washtenaw rejected prohibition by 800 majority. In Berrien the wets secured 2,000 majority, in Ottawa, 1,500, and in Monroe, 1,900.

The results of the election are given at the head of this column.

Previous to yesterday's election 11 others of the 83 counties in the state had been made dry by remonstrance. They are Barry, Clinton, Gratiot, Midland, Missaukee, Oakland, Oceana, St. Joseph, Wexford and Osceola.

"We have broken the backbone of the liquor traffic in Michigan," declared Superintendent George W. Morrow, of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, when the result of Monday's election was made known.

Much interest centered in the contest in Washtenaw county, where the state university is located at Ann Arbor. A large wet vote in that city overcame the dry majority in the county districts.

The same is true of Monroe county. Benzie gave a dry majority of 500.

Big Republican Majority.

The Republican state ticket which was elected is as follows:

Justices of the supreme court, Charles A. Blair, Jackson, and John W. Stone, Marquette; regents of the University of Michigan, William L. Clements, Bay City, and George P. Codd, Detroit; member of the state board of education, William J. McKone, of Albion; members of the state board of agricultures, William H. Wallace, Saginaw; I. R. Waterbury, Highland; R. J. Doherty, Clare; R. D. Graham, Grand Rapids, and W. L. Carpenter, Detroit.

Mayors and city officials were elected in a number of the smaller cities of the state. In Detroit, where there was no mayoralty election, interest in the election of school inspectors was intense. Women's votes played a large part in the contest. This is the only office for which women have the franchise in this city, and they turned out by the thousands, as a result of an unusually bitter campaign against a number of members of the present board who are seeking re-election.

Under the central counting board system in vogue here it will be late this afternoon before definite results are known.

Hillsdale Very Dry.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Hillsdale, Mich., April 6.—Hillsdale county is dry by 1,183 majority and Hillsdale city by 117. Of the 22 precincts in the county, only one, the Fourth ward of this city, went wet by 65. Mayor E. C. Shupp was re-elected for a second term, City Clerk S. H. Moore was re-elected for a third term and H. A. Kinney was elected treasurer, all Republicans. The question of bonding the city for $10,000 for needed repairs at the electric light plant was lost by 10 votes. Republican candidates won generally throughout the county as well as the city.

MONROE VOTES WET BY 1,954

Republican Victory in County Conceded by 300 Majority.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Monroe, Mich., April 6.—Monroe county gave the "wets" a majority of about 1,954, but this is subject to slight change. Monroe city's wet majority of 965 was a surprise to every one as not more than 500 was expected by the wet leaders. The wet victory is so complete that today it is given out that the only way Monroe county can be made dry is by a state prohibition law. No returns are available on the state ticket, but Republican victory is conceded in the county by about 300 majority.

Jacob Martin, Democrat, for mayor, had no opposition; Charles A. Golden, Democrat, for circuit judge, also had no opponent.

Ann Arbor Is Wet.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 6.—The election in this city yesterday was a regular landslide for the Democrats. They elected all the city officers from the mayor down, by majorities ranging from five for Mayor-elect Walz, to 935 for City Assessor Beakes. The county went "wet" by a majority of 826, the city alone giving 460 majority against local option.

SULTAN'S MEN MUTINY

Revolt Quickly Quelled by Loyal Troops.

Constantinople, March 31.—There was a mutiny yesterday among the Zouaves of the guard quartered near Yildiz Kiosk. The soldiers objected to a detachment of Anatolians joining the battalion, and refused to drill The mutineers were at once surrounded by several loyal battalions and surrendered. Fifty soldiers from another battalion have been banished to Tripolt for agitating in favor of disbanding.

STRUCK BY TORNADO

Two Killed, Many Hurt and $150,000 Damage Done in Vicinity of Marion. Ill.

Marion, Ill., April 6.—Two persons were killed, many others were hurt, and considerable property was damaged by a tornado which struck this city and vicinity today.

The deaths occurred in Pittsburg, a village six miles northeast of here, the victims being crushed in the collapse of their home.

The storm came from the southwest and was preceded and followed by heavy rains. In the business section of Marion several store buildings were partly demolished, and in the residence section many of the small homes occupied by miners' families were unroofed.

The monetary loss is $150,000.

AIRSHIP TOY OF WIND

Zeppelin, Helpless in Gale, Is Driven at Immense Speed Across Country.

Munich, April 1.—The Zeppelin airship made an attempt today to fly from Friedrichshafen to this city and back. It encountered a storm and was driven far out of its original course, and after eleven hours in the air landed safely at Dingolfing, 65 miles northeast of Munich.

Part of the journey was made under circumstances of peril. One of the motors refused to work and it was impossible for the airship to make headway against the wind that increased steadily in violence. Helpless and drifting steadily to leeward, the airship traveled for four hours while Count Zeppelin and his man awaited an opportunity to make a safe and successful landing.

They were followed over the country by soldiers in swift automobiles and by three squadrons of heavy cavalry. The troops were sent out to be ready to render assistance when a descent was attempted. The airship outdistanced them and they were not in at the finish.

'SLUG' OR YOUR LEG'

St. Louis Man Prefers to Give Up Limb.

St. Louis, Mo., March 31.—Threatened the loss of a leg unless he left $1,000 in a designated spot, Edward Tucker, No. 3113 North Twelfth street, is the latest victim of the Black Hand. Unlike the usual run of Black Hand victims, Tucker is not frightened, for he has taken the black handers at their word, and believing they would appreciate the leg as much as they would the money, he left his wooden limb in the place designated.

"Leave $1,000 at the northwest corner of Twelfth and Plum streets, between 8 and 9 o'clock. If you fail to do this you will lose a leg," the letter ran. It was written in red ink and the only signature was a black hand with the word "Society" written after it. Tucker chuckled as he read. "Wonder if I can't save them the trouble of amputating my leg?" he said, and he proceeded to carry out the instructions of the letter—all except burdening himself with $1,000—when he went to the trysting place.

Though only a few know it Tucker lost his right leg many years ago and wears a mechanical wooden device that when he walks looks like the real thing. At 8 o'clock Tucker left his home, which is near the corner specified in the note, carrying a bundle under his arm. He walked to a vacant house on the corner and deposited the bundle on the porch. When he again visited the spot this morning the bundle was gone. Besides saving his money Tucker played it downright shabby on the Black Hand, for he substituted an old wornout wooden leg in place of his good once.

COWSUCCEEDS'POSSUM

Bossie Now the Rage in Washington Set.

Washington, April 2.—Now that President Taft has extended the freedom of the White House lawn to a fine Jersey cow it looks as if bossie were to supplant the 'possum as the emblem of the present Administration.

Since Jennie, the Administration milker, made her appearance a few days ago she has been the cynosure of all eyes. Although some of the Roosevelt holdovers say it is a scrilege to permit her to eat up the grass hallowed by association with the feet of the late lamented Dennis cabinet, nearly the whole city has gone cow crazy.

Several of the best families indorsed the plan by turning cows loose on their front lawns. At present writing there are more lawns than cows, but every incoming train brings additional dairy delegates and the finish of the week will find every lawn weighted down. Society realizes that in order to be in the swim it must have a cow about the premises.

Residents in the poorer section of the city, in lieu of real lawns and real cows, have placed toy cows in the geranium boxes on their window sills.

According to White House employees Jennie is a real bright cow. She gives buttermilk every other day. The way she kicks over the pail at times has given rise to the belief that she is a reactionary.

TO FIGHT FRAUDS

Special Agents Appointed for Land Cases.

Washington, April 2.—Special agents in the field service force of the general land office for the investigation of alleged land frauds in the west, were today appointed by Secretary of Interior Ballinger as follows:

Wilson H. Bennett, of Pennsylvania, assigned to San Francisco; Robert C. Willis, of North Carolina, to Little Rock, Ark.; George Hayworth, of Texas, to Phoenix, Ariz.; Clarence M. Booth, of Indiana, to Seattle, Wash.; Joseph G. Hendrick, of Kansas, to Seattle, and Frank D. Drown, of New York, to Enid, Okla.

REPUBLICANS FIGHT TARIFF

Washington, April 3.—A meeting of forty or fifty Republican representatives will be held late today to organize opposition to the Payne bill. It will be attended by those standing out for an opportunity to vote on the hide, lumber, coal, iron ore, barley and other schedules.

MET BY KING AT MESSINA

BULLETIN.

Messina, April 6.—King Victor Emmanuel and Theodore Roosevelt met this afternoon on board the Italian battleship Re Umberto, in Messina harbor.

The Re Umberto came down to the Strait of Messina with the king and queen of Italy on board. She left Anzio yesterday and arrived here this morning.

Mr. Roosevelt came from Naples on board the steamer Admiral. The weather on the run down was beautiful. The Admiral arrived at Messina at five minutes before two.

REVOLT IN COLOMBIA

General Iguaran Is Leader of Uprising.

Willemstad, April 3.—Rumors have reached here of a revolutionary outbreak against the administration of President Reyes of Colombia, in the vicinity of Rio Hacha, a seaport on the Caribbean. General Iguaran is said to be the leader of the uprising.

Evidences of political unrest in the Colombian republic were recorded some three weeks ago as a result of the effort of the administration to have the three-sided treaty between Colombia, Panama and the United States ratified by the existing assembly. The people objected to this body, which is entirely appointive, taking any step of this kind and insisted that the matter be referred to a national congress to be elected in July. The government acquiesced and popular elections have been called.

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 30.—House.—When the session of the House today got well under way the tariff debate waxed warm. The indications were when the body met at 10 o'clock in the morning that the proceedings would be dry and uninteresting, but a revival of the discussion of the oil and lumber schedules was like setting a match to both products, for the subjects proved of absorbing interest to the members, who entered generally into the debate. To Mr. Vreeland, of New York, was accorded the privilege of explaining the position of the independent refiners, who want the countervailing duty on crude petroleum retained, while Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina, in an exhaustive treatment of the question, pleaded for the placing of lumber on the free list. He got into frequent colloquies during his three and a half hours' talk with both Republicans and Democrats. Others who spoke were Messrs. Cox, Ohio; Sterling, Illinois; Hughes, Georgia; Bates, Pennsylvania; Parker, New Jersey, and Richardson, Alabama. The usual evening session was held.

The Senate was not in session today.

Wednesday, March 31.—House.—The Payne tariff bill again was picked to pieces in the House of Representatives today. There were no prolonged speeches and in consequence many were afforded an opportunity to express their views. Lumber, coffee, wood pulp and print paper, tobacco, coal, zinc and the bill were generally discussed. The arguments on lumber today came from the South through Mr. Pujo, of Louisiana, and Mr. Thomas, of North Carolina, who did not want the protection afforded the lumber industry disturbed. There was an interesting exposition of the wood pulp question by Mr. Mann, of Illinois, who defended the proposed reduction of the duty on that product. Mr. Larrinaga, the new Porto Rican commissioner, made an exhaustive plea for a tax of 5 cents a pound on coffee from that colony. Others who spoke were Messrs. Morgan, of Missouri; Brantley, of Georgia; Douglas, of Ohio; Rothermel, of Pennsylvania; Lovering, of Massachusetts; Sulzer, of New York; Mondell, of Wyoming, and Griest, of Pennsylvania. The customary evening session was held.

The Senate was not in session today.

Thursday, April 1.—Senate.—What turned out to be the general debate on the tariff was a feature of the senate proceedings today on Senator Bacon's resolution favoring the consideration of tariff legislation by the full committee on finance instead of by the Republican members of that committee only. Senator Aldrich insisted that the procedure adopted in this case was similar to that which had been the practice of the senate for 50 years in dealing with tariff measures, and he added that the same method was adopted in handling the Wilson tariff bill, for which he said a substitute was framed by a sub-committee composed of Democrats. The Democrats argued that the Republican members had no right to authorize the expenditure of public funds in furtherance of an ex parte consideration of the bill in committee. The resolution was finally referred to the committee on finance. Senator Hale's resolution declaring in favor of a restriction of the business of the present extra session to the passage of a tariff bill and a bill for the taking of the census was adopted. The senate adjourned until Monday.

House.—Dragging tediously along, general debate on the tariff was continued in the house today and tonight. The Payne bill came in for its usual condemnation from the Democrats, the reductions being characterized as pretexts and shams, and the bill as a whole as "a huge Mephistophelian joker." Messrs. Gaines (W. Va.) and McCall (Mass.), both members of the ways and means committee, defended their measure, although the Massachusetts member wanted something specific in it regarding the course to be pursued toward the Philippines. The anticipated action regarding the fixing of a time for closing the debate was not taken, in view of the complex situation in which the Republican leaders found themselves.

Friday, April 2.—House.—That the bill was filled with imperfections, was a false pretense, was designed to cover up the extravagances of the Republican administration, that it did not redeem party pledges, and that it sounded the death knell of the dominant party, were some of the criticisms passed upon the measure by the Democrats in the house today. An interesting feature of the debate was the speech of Pablo Ocampo de Leon, the Philippine commissioner, who attacked the provision for free trade with the Philippine Islands. From the far south exactly opposite views were expressed regarding protection, Mr. Randall, of Louisiana, pleading for it on behalf of the industries of that state, while Mr. Spight, of Mississippi and Mr. Clayton, of Alabama, wanted free lumber, hides, boots, shoes, bagging and cotton ties. From the Republicans came suggestions of a permanent tariff commission, and while all of them supported the bill in general, none appeared entirely satisfied with it.

Saturday, April 3.—House.—With no more than a corporal's guard on hand at any time during the day, the debate on the Payne tariff bill in the house proceeded drearily on today. Two weeks already have been consumed in general discussion of the measure, and the belief is that it is now concluded. Every member is looking forward to the bringing in of a rule on Monday next which will provide an opportunity to vote on a limited number of schedules with debate confined to five minutes for and against each amendment. The discussion of the bill today and tonight took in practically all of the provisions, free hides and wood pulp occupying a conspicuous place, although there were several general assaults on the measure from the Democratic side. Again two Democrats from the far south stood diametrically opposed to each other on the same schedule, Mr. Sparkman (Fla.) urging the Dingley rates on lumber, while Mr. Humphreys (Miss.) advocated placing it on the free list. The Republicans who spoke were practically unanimous for free hides. The taxes on the necessaries of life came in for their usual share of criticism from both sides of the chamber. In addition to those mentioned the following spoke today: Messrs. Kinkaid (Neb.), Legarda (Philippines) Cox (Ind.), Malby (N. Y.), Sabath (Ill.), Gronna (N. D.), Howell (Utah), Hobson (Ala.), Swasey (Maine) Randell (Texas), Stafford (Wis.) and Aiken (S. C.)

The senate was not in session today.

Monday, April 5.—Senate—Many bills and resolutions were introduced in the senate today, but there was no debate. After a short executive session the senate adjourned until Thursday.

House—Three o'clock p. m., April 9, was the time set by the house today for a vote on the Payne tariff bill. The resolution from the committee on rules closing general debate, providing for certain committee amendments and a full and free opportunity to alter the lumber and hides schedules, was reported late in the day and adopted with sixteen votes to spare, notwithstanding the desertion of twenty Republicans. Four of the sixteen votes came from the members of the Louisiana delegation, who likewise broke away from their party. Previous to the adoption of the resolution there was some severe criticism of it from the Democratic side. Aside from the interest which attached to this proceeding was the speech of Mr. Clark, of Florida, who denounced Bryan and Brynanism, Populists and Populism, and who declared that he would support the Payne bill if it contained what his constituents wanted—a duty on Sea Island cotton and protection for citrous fruits, pineapples, etc. His remarks led him into a colloquy with Mr. Handell (Texas) and other Democrats, but he declared that, having been instructed by the legislature of his state and his constituents as to the stand he should take on the articles mentioned, he would not violate his solemn obligation to them. Before the rule was reported there were numerous speeches on the bill, those occupying the floor being Messrs. Bartlett (Ga.), Calderhead (Kan.), Burgess (Texas), Stanley (Ky.), Hobson (Ala.), Gillespie (Texas), Thistlewood (Ill.), Saunders (Va.), Reeder (Kan.) and Madden (Ill.).

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, April 3.—Bradstreet's says: Trade and crop reports are irregular and business the country over is still quiet as a whole. There are, however, evidences of a growth in optimistic feeling, partly due, no doubt, to more spring-like weather conditions. Current demand at wholesale is of a between-season's character, and jobbing distribution is confined largely to filling-in-orders, but there is reported in several markets a disposition to take hold more freely for next fall.

Wage reductions are more numerous, but strikes are not frequent. In iron and steel there is more business reported, but evidently at the expense of prices. Pig iron is dull and lower. A strike and lockout has been avoided in the anthracite coal trade, and the usual spring reduction in prices is announced. Bituminous coal is still dull and weak.

The shoe and leather trades are quiet, with little business yet booked for the fall season in shoes. Eastern shoe shipments for the first quarter exceed 1908 by 23 per cent. There is evidence of more business doing in several lines of cotton goods.

Money and Stocks.

New York, April 6.—(Wall Street).—Prices of stocks opened lower today than last night on a large volume of trading with gains among some of the less important issues. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Reading declined 1 and Canadian Pacific a large fraction. National Lead rose ⅝.

Heavy buying of the Rock Island stocks, which lifted the common 1 and the preferred 2 points, caused the general market to rally momentarily, but large offerings of the grain carriers soon drove the principal stocks lower than at the opening.

Weakness again spread throughout the list with the bears paying particular attention to stocks that had not figured prominently in the morning decline. Reading lost 1⅝, Northern Pacific 1¾, United States Steel 1¼, and Pennsylvania, New York Central, Atchison and Erie 1. Lackawanna advanced 20 points in all. Norfolk & Western was rushed up 1¼ in the face of the general selling.

The tone of the market became spotty and irregular, individual stocks rising strongly, while selling to realize continued in others. National Lead was lifted 2⅝, American Smelting 1⅜ and Missouri Pacific and International Paper pfd. 1. Lackawanna sold at an advance of 10. Amalgamated Copper and Westinghouse Electric declined 1. Bonds were irregular.

When the selling movement stopped business became very quiet, but the activity increased slightly later when prices rose. Chesapeake & Ohio was in good demand and advanced a point. Rallies from the lowest ran to a point in some of the weak features. Wisconsin Central improved 2¼, United States Pipe preferred 2, American Telephone & Telegraph 1½ and Central Leather preferred 1.

New York Stocks.

Stocks—	New York, April 6, 1909. Open.	High.
Denver & R. G.	56	56
Denver & R. G. pfd.	133¼	133¼
American Cotton Oil	52½	52¾
Am. Loco. com.	56	56
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	132¼	133¼
Atchison	106⅜	107½
Am. Car & F. Co.	50⅜	49⅞
Anaconda	45½	45
Amalgamated Copper	76¾	76¼
American Smelters	83¼	83⅝
Am. Woolen Co.	33½	33⅞
Alton com.	72⅝	72
Allis-Chalmers pfd.	47	46½
American Tobacco pfd.	95⅞	95⅝
American Ice Securities	33	33
Baltimore & Ohio	113	112⅝
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	77½	76½
Canadian Pacific	176¾	176¼
Clover Leaf	54¼	55⅝
Clover Leaf pfd.	70½	70⅝
Colorado Fuel	39¾	39⅝
Ches. & Ohio.	71	72
Central Leather	27⅞	28⅞
Consolidated Gas	133	137½
Can pfd.	74¼	74¼
Del. & Hudson	179¼	179
Distillers' Sec.	36¾	36
Erie com.	29⅝	28¾
Erie 1st pfd.	45⅞	45¾
Erie 2nd pfd.	35½	35⅝
Third Ave.	30	28⅞
Gt. Northern pfd.	147½	146¾
Ill. Central	146¾	146¾
Interborough com.	44¾	44⅜
Interborough pfd.	43¾	42¾
K. C. Sou. com.	46½	46
K. C. Sou. pfd.	73⅜	73¼
Louis. & Nash.	135	135
Mex. Central	23¾	24½
Colorado Southern	63⅜	63
Colorado Sou. 2d	82	82
Missouri Pacific	72¾	73½
M., K. & T. com	42½	42½
M., K. & T. pfd	74½	74⅜
Nor. Pacific	147⅜	147
Nat'l Lead	83⅞	84⅞
Northwestern	183	182½
North Am. Co	81	80⅝
N. Y. Central	130¾	130¾
N. Y. Air Brake com	90¼	90¾
Ont. & Western	47⅜	47
Penn. Ry	135⅜	136¼
People's Gas Co	114⅞	115
Reading com	136¾	136¼
Rock Island	24⅞	25⅛
Rock Island pfd.	64¾	66¼
Rep. I. & S. Co.	22⅝	22⅝
Ry. Steel Springs	39	38⅝
Southern Ry.	26¾	26¾
Southern Ry. pfd.	65	64⅞
St. Paul	151¼	150⅝
Southern Pacific	122¼	121⅞
Texas Pacific	33¾	34
Tenn. Copper	40½	40½
Union Pacific	188¾	188
U. S. Steel	51¼	50⅜